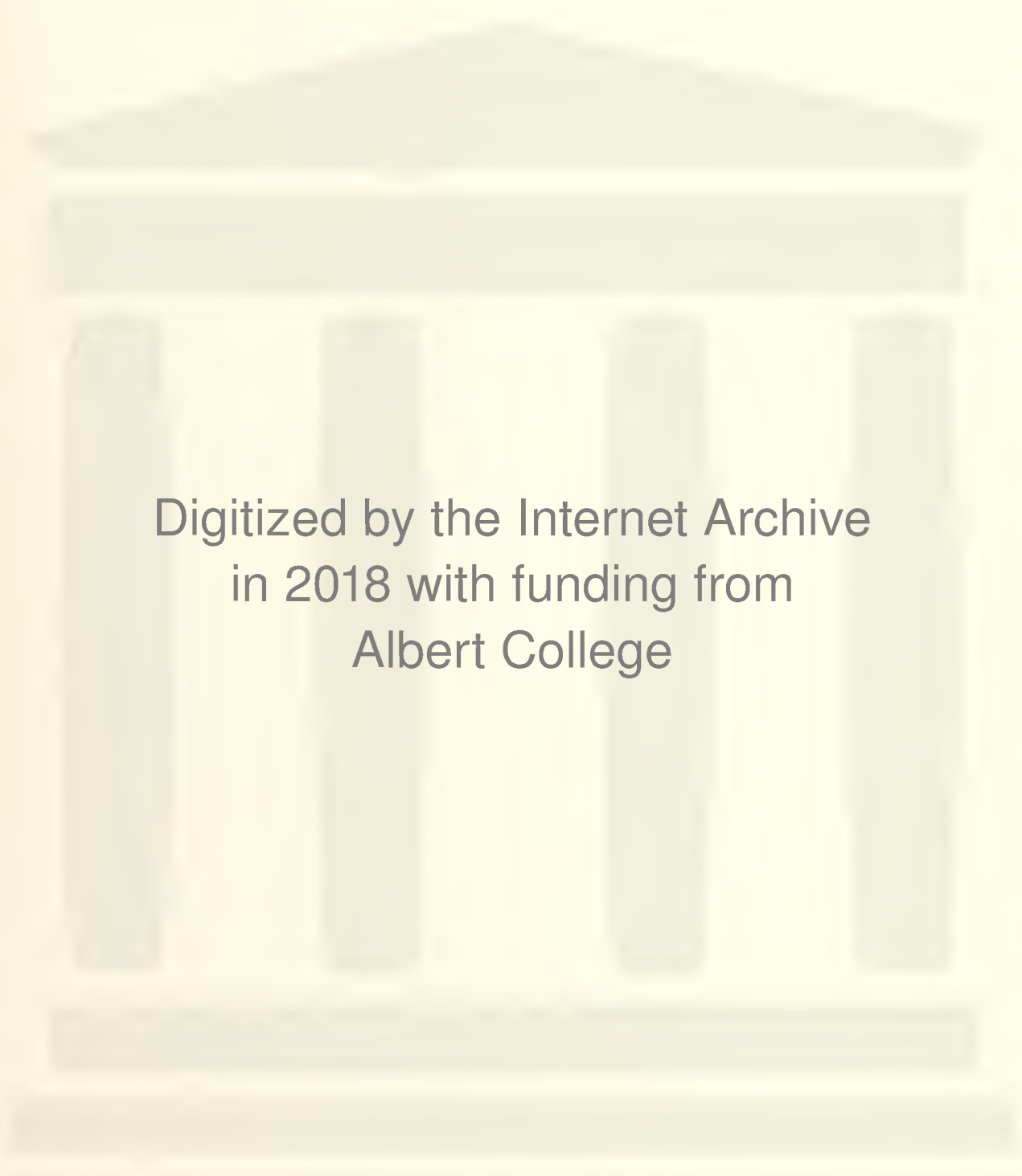


**ALIBI**

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THE  
ALIBI



*1955 1956*

*Published by*  
The Students of Albert College  
Belleville, Ontario

# Dedication



Thomas C. McMullen, M.A., Ph.D., F.C.I.C.  
Vice Principal

This school year, 1955-56, we find it particularly fitting that we dedicate this issue of the Alibi to our Vice-Principal, Thomas C. McMullen, Ph.D.

Through ninety-nine long and at times difficult years Albert College has survived because men of high calibre have served and sacrificed cheerfully on her behalf. Dr. McMullen is just such a loyal, Christian servant as the men who first, against great odds, founded this institution. Without ever counting the cost, he has dedicated his life and talents to a way of life and education in which he believed. On the eve of our one-hundredth birthday, we can find no one who more truly represents all that Albert College is and stands for than our beloved Dr. McMullen.

Dr. McMullen was born and attended public school in London, Ontario. After his first year of high school, he moved with his family to Toronto where he finished his high school course. Then he enrolled at Victoria College, Toronto, in Chemistry and Mineralogy. After graduation, he accepted a post at Albert College which was then located in the north section of Belleville. When three years had passed, the young teacher returned to Toronto for three years graduate study. Upon his return to Albert, he was appointed Dean of Studies, a position he filled capably until his appointment as Vice-Principal in 1952.

Dr. McMullen has had personal contact with all aspects of residential school life at Albert, not only having taught all grades, but also having served his term as a master in the boys' residence. He was present at the disastrous fire which destroyed much of the Old School and he moved with the College into the "New" school. Assuredly, he has grown with and is an integral part of our Alma Mater. Whatever the future may bring, Dr. McMullen's kindly influence will live on in the spirit of Albert College.

Sir, we humbly and affectionately salute you!



REV. A. E. MacKENZIE, B.A.

Principal and Headmaster

## HEADMASTERS' MESSAGE

The custom of having a Year Book is traditional with most Colleges. Year by year, thousands of these books are produced and some cynically ask: "what good are they?" I do not join in this cynicism, because I believe they serve a very useful purpose—they enable us, in later years, to re-live the happy and meaningful days of our College life together.

My most important message probably is a word of greeting to our 1956 graduates. As you go forward for further education or as you begin your life's work, my hope is that many of the lessons in living that you have learned at Albert will be a source of strength and power to you. I assure you of our continuing interest in your well being, and wish you every success. I hope you will become an active member of the Alumni Association. It is good to keep in touch with your Alma Mater.

I am pleased that this year's ALIBI is dedicated to Dr. T. C. McMullen who has served Albert with such distinction for forty years. In a very real sense Albert is his life work and hundreds of graduates who have come under his influence are his living memorial.

Albert will be 100 years old on May 27, 1957. The years have brought many changes. Throughout Albert's history there is a strong evidence of the original spirit of sacrifice. We also have had a clear and worthy purpose—one that commends itself to educators, parents and others who are interested in the welfare of youth.

The past three years have been prosperous ones for the College. Attendance has reached an all-time high. We regret that we do not have accommodation for all students who apply. The interest and support of our graduates is increasing. Our Centennial Campaign is making steady progress.

Albert has been serving youth and the Church with singular effectiveness for nearly a century. True to her original purpose, and strengthened by these years of experience Albert faces the future with confidence.

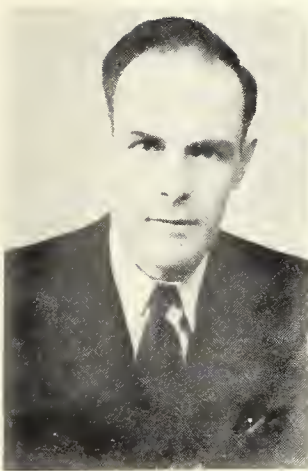
Yours sincerely,  
A. E. MacKenzie,  
Principal and Headmaster.



# Faculty

Rev. A. E. MacKenzie, B.A.  
Principal and Headmaster  
Religious Knowledge

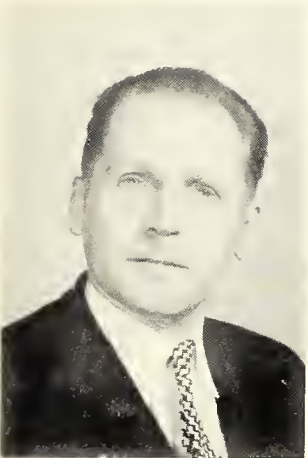
Dr. T. C. McMullen, PhD.  
Vice Principal  
Phys. XI & XIII, Chem. XII & XIII, Alg. and  
Geom. XIII, Law



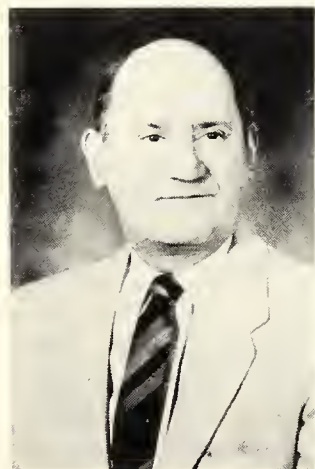
Mr. H. B. Simpson, B.A.  
Associate Vice Principal  
Latin X-XIII, Hist, XI and XIII



Mr. T. K. Franklin  
Registrar and Business Administrator



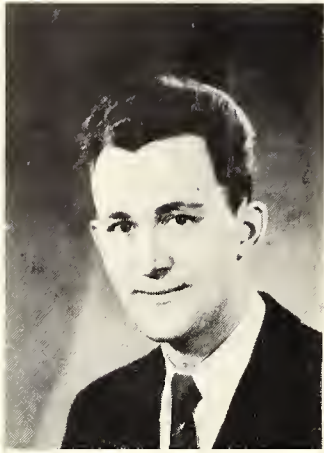
Mr. J. H. MacKay, B.A., B.Paed.  
Dean  
Alg. XI, Geom. XII, Trig. XIII, Guidance,  
Comm., Botany XIII, and Zoology XIII



Mr. N. A. Beach  
Housemaster  
Health and Phys. Ed. IX-XIII



Mrs. J. Gillis, B.A.  
Dean of Women  
Sc. IX & X, R.K. IX, Maths IX



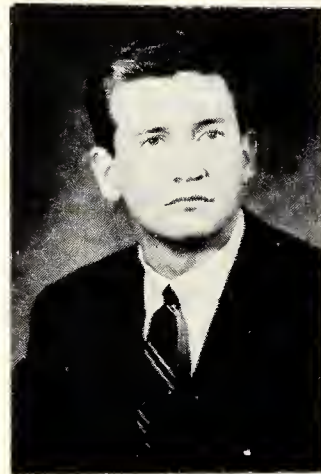
Mr. C. M. Irwin, B.A.  
Eng. XII and XIII, Alg. and Geom. X, Maths X



Miss L. McDougal  
Commercial



Mr. W. Kellet, B. A.  
Librarian  
Geog. XI and XII, History XII, Comm.



Mr. R. Darby, B.A.  
Phys. Ed., and Soc. Sc. X.



Miss Throop, B.A.  
Span. XI & XII, Fr. IX & X, Art IX

Mr. D. Hoare, B.A.  
Fr. XI-XIII, Span. XIII, Lat. IX

Mr. R. Park, M. A.  
Eng. IX-XI, Soc. St. IX

Miss B. Handley, A.T.C.M.  
Pianoforte, Theory

Mr. B. Taylor  
Violin

Mrs. R. Morden  
Expression

# Editorials

## Victory

Yes, victory! We wish to say that we're proud of this year's edition of the "Alibi." We also think it a little more in keeping with typical high school editions than other years' This fact in itself presented a problem: we had no real precedent to follow, but still we think the results are good.

Excellent co-operation was given by all members of the staff this year plus some invaluable assistance from last year's editor, Doug Boylan. Without Mr. Irwin the cause, of course, would have been lost. Most important of all, student co-operation was tremendous this year, which accounts for the excellence of the magazine; the "Alibi" is as good as student interest behind it.

We wish to thank especially Alfred Jay, who so willingly gave of his time to produce the excellent divider pages, which you will see throughout the book "announcing" each section. Thank you very much "Alf" Jay, your time and work is really appreciated by this staff.

From an interesting mixture of the above-mentioned elements and a little hard work and concentration, the "Alibi, 1956" has evolved. We re-iterate: we think the magazine is good, we think it a real victory. We hope you do too. Thank you again for your co-operation.

A. W. and D. O.

September, 1955! A new enrollment. June, 1956! Another graduation. Ninety-nine times has this process been repeated at Albert College. As the days pass and slip into Eternity, what is left of all the living that takes place within these walls? As we go forward and build on the foundation established here, we will find that we are inevitably bound by ties of mind, heart, and spirit to all that vast multitude who once attended Albert College.

One of the certain aids in forging these ties is the Alibi, the College yearbook. In its pages we find mirrored and crystalized the too-brief moments of our own special time here. By means of this book we will be able to recapture the experiences and personalities that excited or depressed us. That is why, each year, we want a good book, a book that is truly representative.

This year the Alibi has another important function: this year is the eve of Albert's one-hundredth birthday. It is only fitting that we prepare for an event which is of great importance in the history of our school. The staff of this particular edition have accepted the challenge of former years and have done an outstanding job. Their enthusiasm and energy have created a response among all the students much greater than in previous years. When you read your Alibi now, and in the future, remember with appreciation your editorial staff.

C. M. I.



FRONT ROW (seated): Carolyn Franklin, Fran Mowat, Don Osborne and Alison Whyte (Co-Editors), Carol Crawford, Fran Sault. SECOND ROW: Don Wylie, Dave Smith, Mr. Irwin, Jim Baker, Gary Franklin, Bob Rupert. LAST ROW: Judy Thackeray, Gail Wright, Barb Smith.

—Photo by McCormick

## Alibi Staff

Co-Editors .....	Don Osborne, Alison Whyte
Boys' Sports Editor.....	Bob Rupert
Girls' Sports Editor .....	Frances Sault
Centenary Editor .....	David Smith
Exchange Editor .....	Don Wylie
Advertising Manager .....	Gary Franklin
Student Biography Editor .....	Carolyn Franklin
Social Editor .....	Judy Thackeray
Literary Editor .....	Barbara Smith
Photography .....	Frances Mowat
Art .....	Carol Crawford
Faculty Advisor .....	Mr. C. M. Irwin
Secretary .....	Gail Wright



## Board of Governors of Albert College 1955-1956

E. B. Warriner, Chairman  
Rev. A. E. MacKenzie, B.A., Principal  
Rev. Bert Howard, D.D., Principal Emeritus  
Tavor K. Franklin, Registrar and Secretary to the Board

H. W. Ackerman .....	Belleville	His Hon. Judge Edgerton Lovering .....	Toronto
J. H. Ackerman .....	Toronto	Ralph S. Mills, Q.C. ....	Toronto
His Hon. Judge C. C. Anderson .....	Belleville	W. J. Morrison .....	Belleville
George C. Armstrong .....	Toronto	Lorne McDougall .....	Belleville
Carman C. Atton .....	Tweed	G. F. Ostrom .....	Rossmore
Hon. Justice C. A. Cameron .....	Ottawa	G. J. A. Reany .....	Hamilton
Fred H. Deacon .....	Belleville	Rev. A. E. Runnells, D.D. ....	Toronto
His Hon. Judge G. E. Deroche .....	Toronto	Stephen Saywell .....	Oshawa
Mrs. Walter T. Elliot .....	Stirling	Rev. Waldo Smith, M.C., D.D. ....	Kingston
Wm. H. Finkle .....	Belleville	Mrs. D. W. Stewart, Jr. ....	Renfrew
Sir Ellsworth Flavelle, Bart. ....	Toronto	Newton Thompson .....	Belleville
W. S. Gordon .....	Tweed	Miss Jessie B. Tuite .....	Belleville
Douglas C. Henderson .....	King	Fred A. Wade .....	Toronto
L. L. Hicks .....	Ottawa	E. B. Warriner .....	Toronto
F. L. Hooper .....	Napanee	Rev. A. J. Wilson, D.D. ....	Toronto
		Rev. W. Harold Young, M.A., D.D. ....	Toronto

## A Message From the President The Alumni Association



When your Centenary Editor approached me for some words about the Alumni Association, he suggested that I might write about the "Purpose of the Alumni Association." I suppose I could have consulted experts in the field but it seemed to me that a few personal observations might be best. I think John Hayman, Mr. Beach, George Mills and others who conceived the idea five years ago had two ideas in mind. The first was to co-ordinate the efforts of a great number of people who were writing to various people at the school and saying, "where is so-and-so," "have you heard about this one or that one," "do you know how I can get in touch with this classmate," etc. This brought about the idea of a reunion or homecoming.

Keeping these friendships alive becomes, perhaps, the prime purpose of the Association. Take, for example, my own case. I left Albert and went out west. For years I had absolutely no contact with the school. Then all of a sudden I got a notice about a homecoming weekend. Just for kicks I decided to take my wife and go back for a day. I met three others of my vintage (1928) and we had a wonderful time and stayed for three days.

We have, as an executive, tried to bulletinize our correspondence and information about people; we assume the responsibility of keeping track of former students and staff. This is a major task. We start with home addresses which do not serve over too long a period. We have tried to set up district representatives to keep in touch with local people and modernize our system of contact. This succeeds only as far as the interest of the representative takes us. Therefore, our second purpose is to keep in touch with Albertites and keep records up to date.

As each group of students graduate through the school, they may have ideas by which the school facilities, memories, etc., might be enhanced. For example, some years ago a group of us tried in an unorganized way to set up a fund to have a portrait of Dr. Bishop hung in the school. Since that time the same problem has arisen concerning Rev. Bert. Howard and others. These and other items can become the concern of such an association as ours. We are trying also to arouse Alumni interest in the Centenary Campaign Fund.

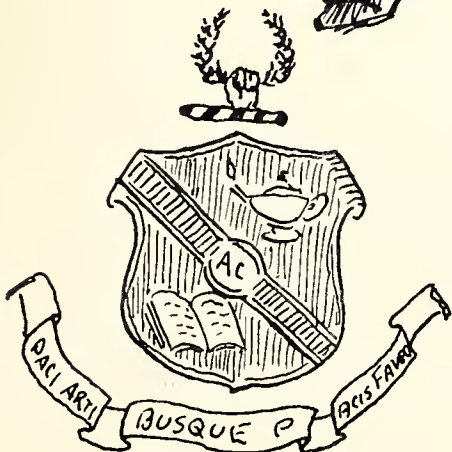
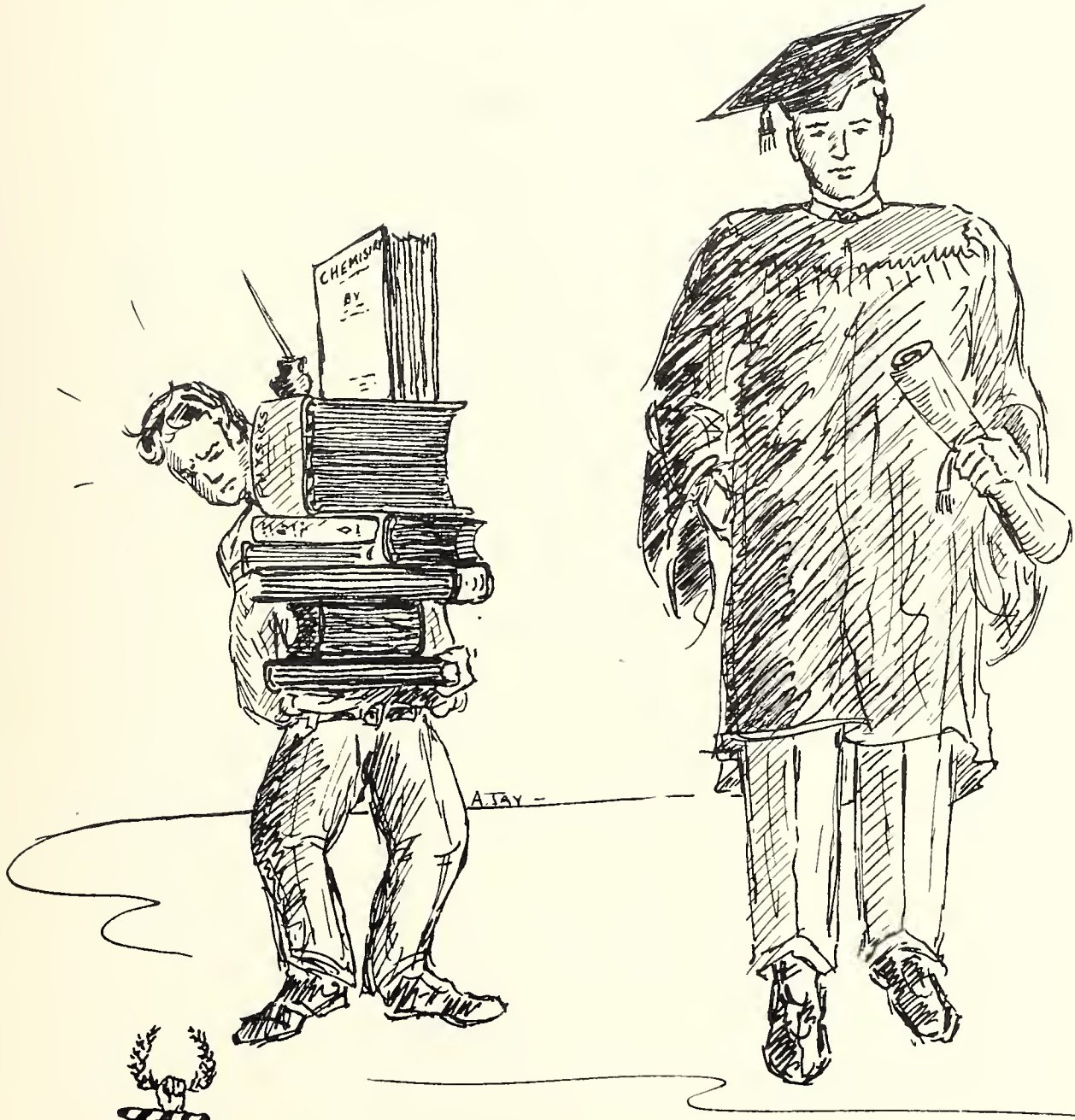
This, then, is the third purpose of our Association: to interest ourselves in the problems of the school as they affect the Alumni and to take action to complete or assist in the completion of such ideas.

Another constant care of our Association is and will be to recommend to the best types of students that they consider attending Albert College. A goodly number of students, through the years, come from homes where parents have attended Albert. We hope this will continue, through a constant contact with former students by their continued association with the school through the Alumni Association.

Besides all these things, we who return year after year to the homecoming find it is a lot of fun, a wonderful thrill, and a rare and lordly feeling to come back as "old boys and old girls."

**JIM PULLEN—President**

# XIII



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FROM THE DEAN

One of the aims of life and of education is for each person to develop and realize the indwelling divine unity within himself. All that you are or ever will become will be achieved through development from within outward. Albert College, with its purpose of the development of dynamic Christian character, has been attempting, in its own way, to bring out the best that is in you. You alone will be able to determine the degree to which it has been successful.

I welcome the opportunity to direct a few remarks to those of you who are graduating from or leaving Albert College this year. Much has been written and said about the crowded conditions in our Secondary Schools and Universities with the result that it may be increasingly more difficult for some of you to continue with your formal education. Many of our graduates would, of course, profit by a university education; but there are also many for whom there is even now a respectable and honoured place in society.

As you make your plans for the future I would remind you that there is dignity in every type of work. Canada, at the peak of its expansion, offers to High School Graduates unlimited opportunities in industry, business and the trades. It is our hope that when you leave this school you will investigate these opportunities to determine whether there is a place for you. We attempted to prepare you for life, to help you make wise decisions and achieve happiness and success in whatever field of endeavour you propose to follow.

We are not sorry to see you leave since we covet for you the new, interesting and exciting vistas that will continue to unfold. In wishing you success, I leave you with a quotation which I read recently:

“Lord give us courage to stand for something lest we fall for anything.”

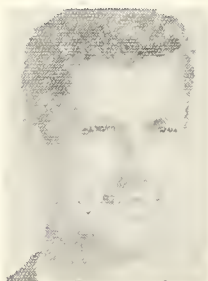
Sincerely yours,

J. H. MacKay

GRADE XIII



Name: DOUGLAS BOYLAN  
 Nickname: Alfie Peules (the Bandit)  
 Ambition: to drain the swamp  
 Pet Peeve: Saulty meat  
 Probable Fate: Barker at the Ormstown Fair  
 Favourite Expression: If in three hours you had to drink three bottles of champagne, make a thirty mile journey on horse back and . . . in what order would you do them?



Name: GERT VON GREISHEIM  
 Nickname: Jerry  
 Ambition: University (M.D.)  
 Pet Peeve: smashing  
 Probable Fate: quite evident  
 Favourite Expression: I'm tired

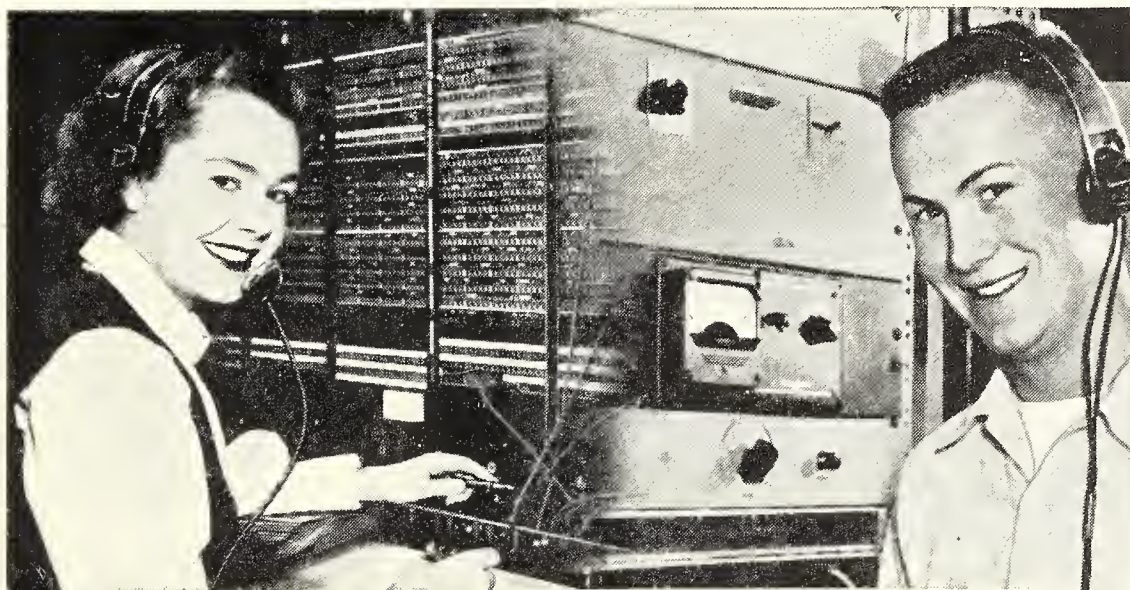


Name: CAROLEEN CRAWFORD  
 Nickname: Crawfie  
 Ambition: K.G.H.  
 Pet Peeve: A.C.  
 Probable Fate: R.M.C.  
 Favourite Expression: Snickle fritz



Name: ROGER THOMPSON  
 Nickname: Beakie  
 Ambition: Ha! Ha!  
 Pet Peeve: Anything that has the slightest to do with school work, or any kind of work for that matter  
 Probable Fate: Tied up with "Ambition"  
 Favourite Expression: On to greater heights . . .



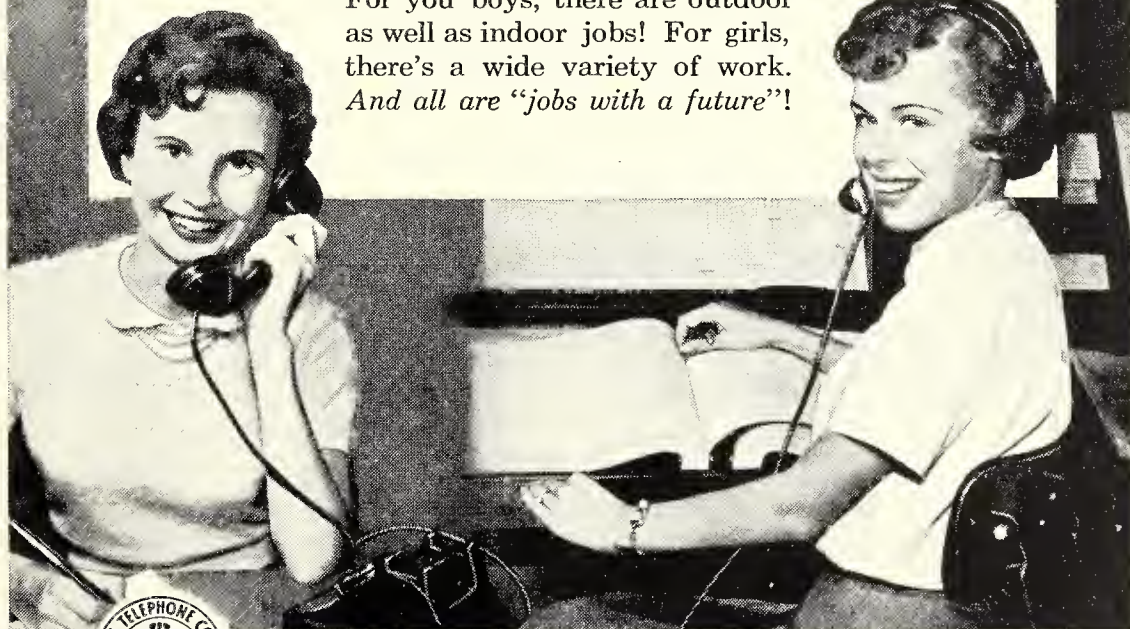


## When you finish school...

There's an exciting new world awaiting you at your telephone company—a business world of service to your own community.

At the Bell you work with boys and girls whose interests are your own. In addition to the good pay, short work-week and pleasant offices which tempt you to *join* the Bell, opportunities for advancement and social activities, medical and financial benefits *persuade* you to stay!

For you boys, there are outdoor as well as indoor jobs! For girls, there's a wide variety of work. *And all are "jobs with a future"!*



**THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA**



Name: ELIZABETH BEGGS  
Nickname: Beggsie  
Ambition: Nurse  
Pet Peeve: taking pills  
Probable Fate: Succeed Mrs. Morton at the infirmary  
Favourite Expression: Hey CRAWF!!!!



Name: ALISON WHYTE  
Nickname: Ally  
Ambition: Laboratory Technician  
Pet Peeve: "room mates in" general and particular  
Probable Fate: Lavatory Technician  
Favourite Expression: Which bill was that?



Name: FRANK DAVISON  
Nickname: ##% /&"/  
Ambition: ??????  
Pet Peeve: &%#œ|#\*|  
Probable Fate: !!!!!  
Favourite Expression: #!!!!????



Name: RAY BORLASE  
Nickname: Ray  
Ambition: Surgeon  
Pet Peeve: Toronto's hysterical newspapers  
Probable Fate: Welsh coalminer  
Favourite Expression: You Canadians are always rushing around in a flurry



Name: CURTALENE GILBERT  
Nickname: Curt  
Ambition: P.T. teacher  
Pet Peeve: K. Sault  
Probable Fate: teach marching at A.C.  
Favourite Expression: Oh Sault!!!



Name: GLENN STINSON  
Nickname: none  
Ambition: none  
Pet Peeve: nothing  
Probable Fate: nothing  
Favourite Expression: none



Name: CHARLES DAVIDSON  
Nickname: Chuck  
Ambition: G.M. dealer  
Pet Peeve: People who have heard news from Campbellford  
Probable Fate: Grease monkey at A.C.  
Favourite Expression: It's got a "d" in it



Name: DONALD ARTHUR WYLIE  
Nickname: Wad Ruhtra  
Ambition: 100% of First Flat to the "At-Home"  
Pet Peeve: People who pour water into my pewter tankard  
Probable Fate: Model for formal male evening attire  
Favourite Expression: Damn you Boylan!!!!



Name: ANDREY GODSOE  
Nickname: Dads  
Ambition: Missionary Nurse  
Pet Peeve: Homework  
Probable Fate: Missionary Nurse  
Favourite Expression: It's in the Book



Name: BRUCE GEROW  
Nickname: same  
Ambition: Chemist with M.A., PhD., etc.  
Pet Peeve: Fellows like Gus who are always looking for something to eat  
Probable Fate: Replace Dr. McMullen  
Favourite Expression: We11111!!



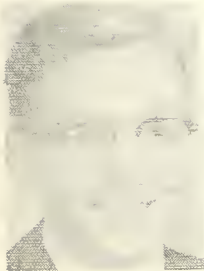
Name: ERIC GRAYDON CRESSWELL  
 Nickname: Grad  
 Ambition: army officer  
 Pet Peeve: Orilliaites  
 Probable Fate: to live in Orillia  
 Favourite Expression: What about Townsend and Princess Margaret?



Name: DON OSBORNE  
 Nickname: Ozzie  
 Ambition: Law  
 Probable Fate: Going broke  
 Favourite Expression: Butterfield knows, sir



Name: BOB McCUAIG  
 Nickname: Moose  
 Ambition: Queens  
 Pet Peeve: Train schedules  
 Probable Fate: underground at Algom  
 Favourite Expression: Check him



Name: GARY ALAN FRANKLIN  
 Nickname: G.A.F.  
 Ambition: Honey moon in a one-man sleeping bag.  
 Pet Peeve: The exploits of Moose  
 Probable Fate: friend of the people  
 Favourite Expression: Most Low



Name: MARGARET STEVENS  
 Nickname: Marg  
 Ambition: Nursing Science at Queens  
 Pet Peeve: Getting up in the morning  
 Probable Fate: Attending 6 a.m. lectures at Queens  
 Favourite Expression: I'll never make it



Name: BARBARA SMITH  
 Nickname: Blondie  
 Ambition: teacher  
 Pet Peeve: being accused of using peroxide  
 Probable Fate: raising little blonde GAF's  
 Favourite Expression: Blumps



Name: JAMES CROLL  
 Nickname: Jim  
 Ambition: saver of souls  
 Pet Peeve: Grade XII French  
 Probable Fate: a shoe maker  
 Favourite Expression: Thank you very much, sir



Name: NORA CAMPBELL  
 Nickname: Punchy  
 Ambition: Nurse  
 Pet Peeve: being nominated to fix the door  
 Probable Fate: nurses aid  
 Favourite Expression: just chicken



Name: JOHN ROWE  
 Nickname: Long John  
 Ambition: Air Force Officer  
 Pet Peeve: G.M. Corporation  
 Probable Fate: G.M. dealer  
 Favourite Expression: I guess



Name: KATHRYN SAULT  
 Nickname: Saulty  
 Ambition: Nurse  
 Pet Peeve: C. Gilbert  
 Probable Fate: Bed Pan Porter  
 Favourite Expression: Oh Curt!!!



Name: BETTY ANNE BUTTERFIELD  
 Nickname: Marvelube  
 Ambition: Nurse  
 Pet Peeve: West Coast so far away  
 Probable Fate: Driving transport trucks to the West Coast  
 Favourite Expression: How embatrasing



Name: ALAN JOHNSON  
 Nickname: Gus  
 Ambition: Queens Science  
 Pet Peeve: not enough of the right things  
 Probable Fate: Questionable  
 Favourite Expression: Well, I'll be (censored)



Name: RON PURSER  
 Nickname: Sulphur  
 Ambition: Civil Engineer  
 Pet Peeve: Bartlett  
 Probable Fate: Grow old at A.C.  
 Favourite Expression: Ask Judy



Name: DEANNA HUDGINS  
 Nickname: Dea  
 Ambition: physiatherapist  
 Pet Peeve: People who give me a pain in the neck  
 Probable Fate: Gus who?  
 Favourite Expression: I'll never tell



Name: CLAUDE PERINCHIEF  
 Nickname: Chief  
 Ambition: To become principal of A.C.  
 Pet Peeve: Study Hall  
 Probable Fate: To become Janitor of A.C.  
 Favourite Expression: Blast off



Name: DAVID THOMPSON  
 Nickname: Soupy  
 Ambition: Hydro worker  
 Pet Peeve: Food at Albert College  
 Probable Fate: starve to death  
 Favourite Expression: Holy teapot!



Name: DAVE SMITH  
 Nickname: Money bags  
 Ambition: Minister of External Affairs  
 Pet Peeve: Know-it-alls  
 Probable Fate: Marry her  
 Favourite Expression: where is my "Life" magazine?



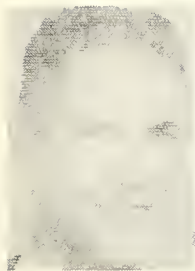
Name: GAYLE WILSON  
 Nickname: Willy  
 Ambition: To live in Port Credit  
 Pet Peve: Boys who live in Port Credit  
 Probable Fate: remain in Ottawa  
 Favourite Expression: Holy Cow!!



Name: MURRAY LOVERING  
 Nickname: Mother Goose  
 Ambition: Farmer  
 Pet Peeve: Cresswell  
 Probable Fate: R.M.C. with Cresswell  
 Favourite Expression: Excruciating!



Name: TOM BURRI  
 Nickname: Sport  
 Ambition: Mechanical Engineer  
 Pet Peeve: anti-Alouettes  
 Probable Fate: Chief boiler-room attendant at A.C.  
 Favourite Expression: M.G., M.G., M.G., ad infinitum...



Name: JOSEPH EDWARDS  
 Nickname: Smilie  
 Ambition: University  
 Pet Peeve: dripping showers in the next room  
 Probable Fate: Queens Professor  
 Favourite Expression: What the heck!!!



Name: EWART BUDGELL  
 Nickname: Slyme  
 Ambition: Chemical Engineer  
 Pet Peeve: Basketball ref.  
 Probable Fate: Basketball ref.  
 Favourite Expression: But sir . .



Name: WILLIAM PERRY  
 Nickname: Pogo  
 Ambition: Mechanical Engineer  
 Pet Peeve: Manor hours and rules  
 Probable Fate: Dean of Women  
 Favourite Expression: where's Peggy?



Name: JAMES EARLE  
 Nickname: Preacher  
 Ambition: Ministry  
 Pet Peeve: scratched records  
 Probable Fate: undertaker  
 Favourite Expression: Well, . . . ah . . .



Name: NORM JARVIS  
 Nickname: L.F.B.  
 Ambition: Ministry  
 Pet Peeve: People in general  
 Probable Fate: IDIOT  
 Favourite Expression: Share it is

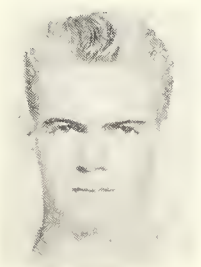
## Commerce Class



Name: Gail Wright.  
 Nickname: Slugger.  
 Ambition: To marry a millionaire—drive her own white Jaguar XK140, live down South in a mansion overlooking acres of landscape and to have a family car for the maids to look over.  
 Probable Destiny: To marry some poor hopeful *geologist*, live up North in no man's land, raising a family to keep her company.  
 Pet Peeve: She's still looking for the millionaire.



Name: Barbara Goddard.  
 Nickname: Pickings of Pelican.  
 Ambition: Making little "hams."  
 Probable Destiny: Married to a big "ham."  
 Pet Peeve: Those cold mornings.



Name: WOLFGANG STAHLMANN  
 Nickname: Pochi  
 Ambition: Farmer in Colombia  
 Pet Peeve: Bells  
 Probable Fate: Farmer in Canada  
 Favourite Expression:



Name: Yvonne Bourne.  
 Nickname: Bonnie.  
 Ambition: Pilot a jet.  
 Probable Destiny: Steering a baby carriage.  
 Pet Peeve: People who don't get right up with the morning bell—Sheila.

Name: Patricia Watson.  
 Nickname: Meow.  
 Ambition: To get to Vancouver.  
 Probable Destiny: Ending up in Halifax.  
 Pet Peeve: People who are always telling me what to wear.

Name: Stella Terefenko.  
 Nickname: Terry.  
 Ambition: Secretary.  
 Probable Destiny: Stick-boy for the Kitchener-Waterloo hockey team.  
 Pet Peeve: Room mates with alarm clocks.

Name: Sheila Bell.  
 Nickname: Bell.  
 Ambition: To get thin.  
 Probable Destiny: Staying fat.  
 Pet Peeve: Having to diet.

Name: Lucille Goodard.  
 Nickname: Lu Lu.  
 Ambition: To be the girls star basket-ball player.  
 Probable Destiny: Playing for Albert College.  
 Pet Peeve: Giving public speeches.

Name: Margaret Meisner.  
 Nickname: Peggy.  
 Ambition: To keep up with all her "male" fans.  
 Probable Destiny: Answering someone else's fan mail.  
 Pet Peeve: People that don't speak proper English.



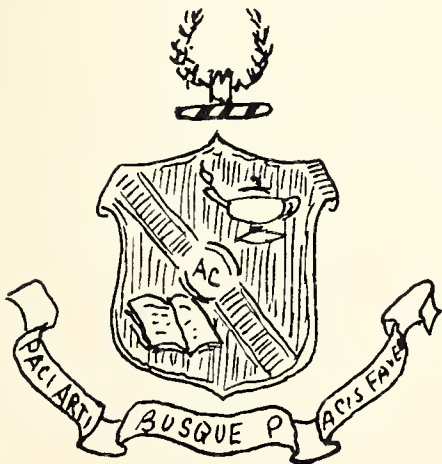
# Centennial



1857 ~ 1926



1926 ~ 1957.



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# Foreword

This is Part I of the Alibi's Centenary section. The year 1956 marks the ninety-ninth birthday of Albert College. Next year will be the Centennial year and the event will undoubtedly pass with some colourful and memorable ceremonies and speeches of former graduates.

The purpose of this section is to give you a flash-back of Albert's history with the hope that it will prepare you for the festivities in 1957. Among these flashbacks you will find character sketches, pictures and editorials.

Albert College is older than the Confederation of Canada. When dates are compared, it is found that the Confederation of Canada was in 1867 and the beginning of Albert College was in 1857. This is truly the drama of history: when Lord Durham's report was still a dream, the Methodist Church was turning the sod for a church school. Albert's doors were open during the time that John A. MacDonald and George Brown were making history; gold was being discovered in the Fraser Valley; the Civil War was raging in the United States; and Canada did not have a railway out west. As a matter of fact, Canada was not recognized as a country in 1857 but was known as a colony seeking Confederation. Literally speaking, Canada has built itself around Albert College and Albert has its purpose around its graduates.

The history of Canada, like Albert's, is courageous and vivid, and likewise it can be said that the history of Albert is the history of Canada. The history of Albert was built on determination and sacrifice, the same type of determination and sacrifice which brought Confederation to Canada. built a westward railway, and a democratic government. Progress is Canada's most important product and Albert is helping Canada to progress.

The most important aspect of Albert's Centennial is that the students and graduates of Albert have had a part in Albert's growing up, and in 1957 we will be able to celebrate her 100th birthday.

All of this explains why the Centennial deserves more attention than it will receive. But, by the same token, all of this explains why it will not receive more. It has been said that "The future is work, the past reflection. The worker cannot afford the luxury of the latter." When you are meeting with investors, when you are searching for ways and means to maintain the growth of the community, you have little time to plan and execute celebrations in observance of the birthday of an event which occurred a hundred years ago—even if that event made possible your being where you are now.

As for the students of history, they will have to accept their disappointment at the lack of "adequate celebration." After all, disappointment was the lot for Albert's principals and teachers during the first and second world wars and throughout the depression.

However, if the history students will allow themselves the luxury of imagination, might they not picture the staff of Albert looking upon the College and smiling with the thought that, if history were to recognize only one of each man's accomplishments, perhaps it would set aside this College as a monument—not of short-lived stone and metal and the sculptor's art, but instead, the long-lived combination of people, their well-being and the fruits of their labours.

What sort of a day was it in 1857? It was a day like all days, which alter and illuminate the history of our time. Everything is the same except "YOU ARE THERE."

Dave I. Smith  
CENTENARY EDITOR





Albert College, Belleville, Ont., Canada.



Old Albert College before the fire in the Spring of 1917. Massey Hall is in the foreground, then comes the girl's residence and on the extreme right the boy's residence. Part of Commercial Hall juts out in front of the residences.

#### TO BUILD — AN AGE TO DESTROY — AN HOUR

In 1857 the first corner stone of the building which was founded by the Methodist Episcopal Church to provide for their sons and daughters a centre of higher education under Christian influence was laid. From 1866 to 1885 it possessed university powers. After the union of various Methodist bodies in 1884, the College became incorporated with Victoria University, Cobourg, and now of Toronto, and since that time it has carried on work as a secondary college in affiliation with Victoria University and College and the University of Toronto. In addition to the proper, Massey Hall, a three story brick structure at the west end, was erected about 1897 and devoted to the executive offices, class rooms and scientific laboratory. The floor above was used as a chapel and music auditorium. On the third floor was the art department where many studied arts and music.

In 1907, the college observed its fiftieth anniversary with due ceremonies. Ten years later in 1917, a fire occurred which destroyed that part of the college known as Massey Hall. The turning of the wind and splendid work of the fire department made possible the saving of the main building which housed the sleeping quarters. The fire occurred on a Friday night and work began, as usual, on Monday morning.

From this time on, the College had many difficulties. By the fall of 1917 most of the boys had gone overseas.

Then in 1926 the new Albert College magnificently constructed of stone block and completely modern in classes and equipment, was opened on the western outskirts of the city. A faculty that was almost new was installed and a beginning made on a new career which the old institution had marked out for itself. In the new college the aim has been to preserve the best traditions of the old school, while at the same time setting up those new ideals and adopting those new methods which represent the best in modern education.

In 1929 the depression struck, and students were called home because of financial difficulties, until less than 20 remained. In order to enable the school to carry on, the Faculty took a 50 per cent cut in salary, and even the remaining 50 per cent was not forthcoming; yet not a single teacher left.

In 1935, eighteen years after the disastrous fire, the old school was to be conquered by wreckers. For many years it had lain vacant, surrounded by a jungle of weeds and brush. Bats by the hundreds had made some of its rooms their home, flying in and out of its cracked, broken windows. The old building resounded to the noise and din of the wreckers' bars and sledges as the solid walls and partitions slowly and reluctantly yielded to the efforts of overall-clad workmen. Its bricks, its sturdy timbers and massive portals which were soon pried loose from their anchorage of firm mortar, were sold, and put to use in other forms of more prosaic building in the city and district.

The selfsacrifice which built old Albert was outstanding. Subscriptions to the work of putting the college were gleaned over the countryside and many a farmer was proud of what he had done to make education in a church school possible.

The one element the wreckers could not pry loose was old Albert's intangible "soul." New Albert has maintained this "soul" through which she has been made strong by time and fate. Albert has striven for, sought and found the basis of a Christian education and she is determined not to yield.

Dave J. Smith  
Centenary Editor

## Co-Eds 1935



FRONT ROW: M. Fisher, H. Chart, M. Merrick. SECOND ROW: H. Clarke, M. Miller, Miss Jessie Tuite, Mrs. Howard, H. Couch. THIRD ROW: E. Howard, D. Zufelt, M. Stafford, L. McGinnis.

Quoted from the 1935 "Alibi."

In September of 1935 a new Society was organized within the walls of Albert College—an entirely different Society and the first one in the history of the new Albert—a Co-ed Society.

For seventy years girls and boys together attended the old Albert and carried on their activities together. Then the new Albert came into existence and on the advocacy of some educationalists new Albert was to be only for boys and so it continued for about nine years when they decided girls were still needed at Albert. In 1934 a few girls were quite timidly admitted to Albert. It proved quite satisfactory and in 1935 they came out quite jubilantly with more girls and so we have our first Co-ed Society of the New Albert College 1935-36. May we go down in the records of the new school as having successfully founded a Society which will continue to grow and enlarge to the end of Alberts' days.

Editor's Note:

The Manor House was Formally opened in 1937 as a residence for girls. In 1934 the girls resided in what is now called Baker House.

## Centennial Letters

In order to gather material for this section, letters were sent to former Principals, teachers, and students of Albert asking them to write upon a memorable incident that took place when they attended Albert College. The following are samples of the letters received by this editor.

Mr. F. S. Maine, who was a teacher at Old Albert writes: "I recall that during my first year when my cash salary was \$725.00, the principal managed to obtain from me a \$100.00 subscription for something and during my last year I worked with the Principal in raising money for the new building. It was one of the hardest years of my life, so if you see blood on any of the stones in the present Albert, you will know where it came from."

The following incident is one example of the kindly words of encouragement that the teachers give to discouraged students who have been tempted to leave school.

Mr. Staples, a former teacher at Old Albert writes: "A boy came to my room at the end of his first two months at the College, to tell me that he wanted to go home. After a little talk, I requested that he stay until Christmas in order that he might give his brain a chance to get into the habit of doing some concentrated thinking and acquire some work habits. He took my advice and at the Christmas exams he made over 60% on all papers.

He decided to remain and he completed his Sr. Matric, graduated from Victoria and devoted his whole life to the work of the church. His ministry was a pronounced success but just imagine what a calamity it would have been, had he been allowed to go home as he requested."

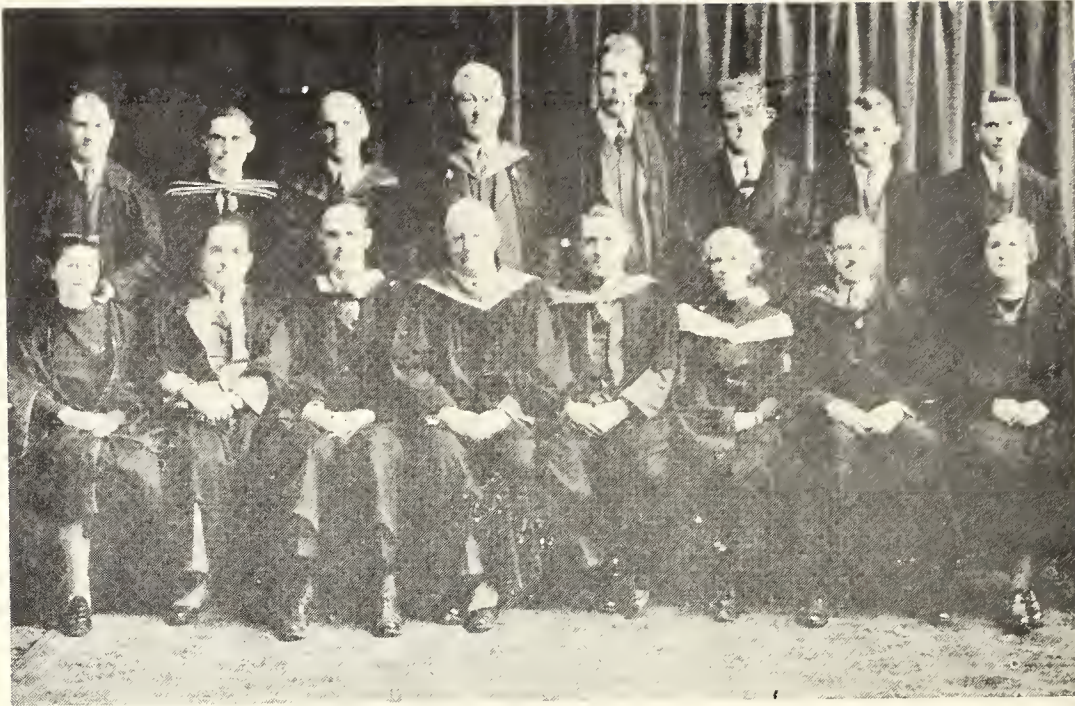
Mrs. Atkinson, who was a student at Old Albert writes: "I was present at the 50th anniversary and vividly recall the Old Boys, as they heartily rejuvenated, telling early exploits and pranks for our edification from the platform of old Massey Hall. I remember how ancient they seemed to me, and how funny it was to think of them doing all the things that they were enumerating. And to think I have arrived at this stage myself, and I know I would be a similar object of interest in the minds of the present enrollment."

Rev. E. M. Howse of Bloor St. United Church, who was also a student at Old Albert writes: "The year at Albert was particularly valuable to me because I had been out of school for five years, and it provided opportunity to take studies out of the usual routine. I had to do my full year of Grade 12, and some other work to correlate the Ontario Course with the course I had previously taken in Newfoundland.

Albert had some excellent teachers and the transition through there was of great value to me."

I wish to thank you, the letter writer, for taking the time to write me because it was your interest that made this section possible. As of now, we are planning 1957's Alibi and of course we are going to need more material. You can help by corresponding with your friends who attended Albert and ask them to write a letter or send a picture about Albert to the Alibi Staff.

It has been said, that those people who attended Albert and left a little of themselves behind, are the people who benefited most by coming to Albert.  
Centenary Editor.



1938-39

SEATED: Miss Howard, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Simpson, Dr. Howard, Dr. McMullen, Miss Tuite, Mr. Ego, Miss Hanley. STANDING: Mr. Beach, Mr. Connor, Mr. Anglin, Dr. Ellis, Mr. Schoales, Mr. Cosens, Mr. Miller, Mr. Bonter.

The following is a true story, in which Dr. Howard endeavours to give his impressions of that never-to-be-forgotten evening.

## Moments To Remember

By Dr. Bert Howard,  
Principal Emeritus

On a memorable Saturday evening in October, 1934, five letters were in my Saskatchewan mail box, all from 299 Queen Street West, Toronto. All insisted that I come East and take over the principalship of Albert College. I declined, in that, I felt utterly inadequate for such a task. However, more letters and a day lettergram insisted that I come East and meet the committee. This I did, and on arrival, after a three hour meeting, I consented to accept and do the best I could.

Returning West, to pack and dispose of my road-racked and weather beaten Model T, I took a train for Windsor, where I was to pick up a more modern brother to my old Ford. Early next morning after purchasing the new car, I started for Belleville. It was but a minute or so before I noticed on the windshield of the car, a "You-cannot-disregard-me" notice, which read—"This car must not be driven over 25 miles per hour for the first 500 miles.

Yes, Belleville is some three hundred miles from Windsor. My arrival in Belleville was about seven thirty p.m. and I was both hungry and weary. I saw lights in Graham Hall and made my way there and inquired for Mr Franklin. I was informed that he was out for the evening, but a Mr. Alfred Bishop was introduced to me. He was gracious and thoughtful and inquired as whether or not I had had supper. On being answered in the negative, he escorted me to the Dining Hall.

He disappeared into the kitchen and then there came to my ears a conversation or dialogue which ran something like this:

Mr. B.—There is a man in the dining hall who wishes to see Mr. Franklin and he has not had any supper.

Voice—Who is he?

Mr. B.—I do not know, I never saw him before.

Voice—Well, this is no time for supper; he cannot have a meal at this hour.

Mr. B.—But he is a friend, I think, of Mr. Franklin.

Voice—Alright then, I suppose we should give him something.

Mr. B.—(returning) Sorry, but the kitchen staff is not in the kitchen, I hope this will be alright.

(It was, and very acceptable. Bacon, eggs, bread and coffee, served admirably to allay the hunger pangs.)

Voice—Who did you say, he was?

Mr. B.—He said his name was Howard.

Voice—My goodness, he must be the new principal.

I beat a hasty retreat to the apartment set aside for me. The welcome was not even as cordial,—a student bed ( ? ? ) and two chairs, and a chest of drawers were the only furnishings. Shortly, I started on a tour of the buildings, first to the residence now named Graham Hall.

My arrival was momentous, a lusty battle was in progress. One student was out cold, not even conscious of the "birdies," but the fight went on, amid shouts, yells, the thud of hockey sticks, brooms, etc., on bodies and by the sound of some, on heads. A Scotchman would have called it a "bonnie fight," and he would have been quite right. It was!

The invading force evidently had enough and so retreated to the city. The "force" consisted of a mixture of our B.C.I. friends (?) and recruits from the city.

I did not make myself known, since that would have spoiled the evening. Quietly I made my way back to my apartment.

I have no hesitation in saying that it was a thrilling initiation for me, made more so when about 10 p.m. a knock came to my door. When I called out—"Come in!" six boys entered quietly. Could these be a part of the defending force? Yes, without a doubt. Well-known signs were visible, such as, a cut lip, a bruise here and there, an eye or two that appeared to be changing colour, and two fellows with quite a perceptible limp. They came to welcome me, not at all conscious of that fact that I was a spectator of the battle a short hour ago.

They were most gentlemanly, kind and gracious, and gave not the slightest hint that anything out of the ordinary had previously happened. They gave the College yell, (this I had heard during the heat of the battle). They then assured me of their loyalty (something quite unnecessary), and departed for, I trust, peace and sleep.

Yes, it was a thrilling beginning, and never during my eighteen years as Principal have I been given any valid reason to doubt the loyalty and friendship of the students of Albert.

And gratefully I can say the same about our staff. Albert College has a great spirit, which has made for it a great past, and which will assure for it a great future. Yes! "There are moments to remember," and I am grateful to God for them. They are the vitamins for the maturer life, the joy of one's reminiscing years.

# A. C. Photographed History



Dr. Howard's last year at Albert—1952.

STANDING: Ruth Brintnell, Pat Brewer, John Hayman, W. E. Kellet, C. M. Irwin, Jim Payton, Mrs. Kellet, Mrs. Hoare (then Miss Lois Harpell). SITTING: T. K. Franklin, Miss Tuite, T. C. McMullen, Dr. Howard, H. B. Simpson, N. A. Beach, J. H. MacKay.



Mr. Beach. Do you think you will make it?

FACULTY vs STUDENTS 1935



Madame! Your slip is showing!

From 1942 to 1946 Albert College supported a Cadet programme. Mr. Simpson was in charge of the Air Cadets, Mrs. Simpson was in charge of the Red Cross for the girls. Mr. Franklin was in charge of the Army Cadets which was also for the boys.



Hark! A Star!



Principal and Mrs. Bishop  
Dr. Bishop was new Albert's first principal from 1926 to 1934.



The fountain of youth.

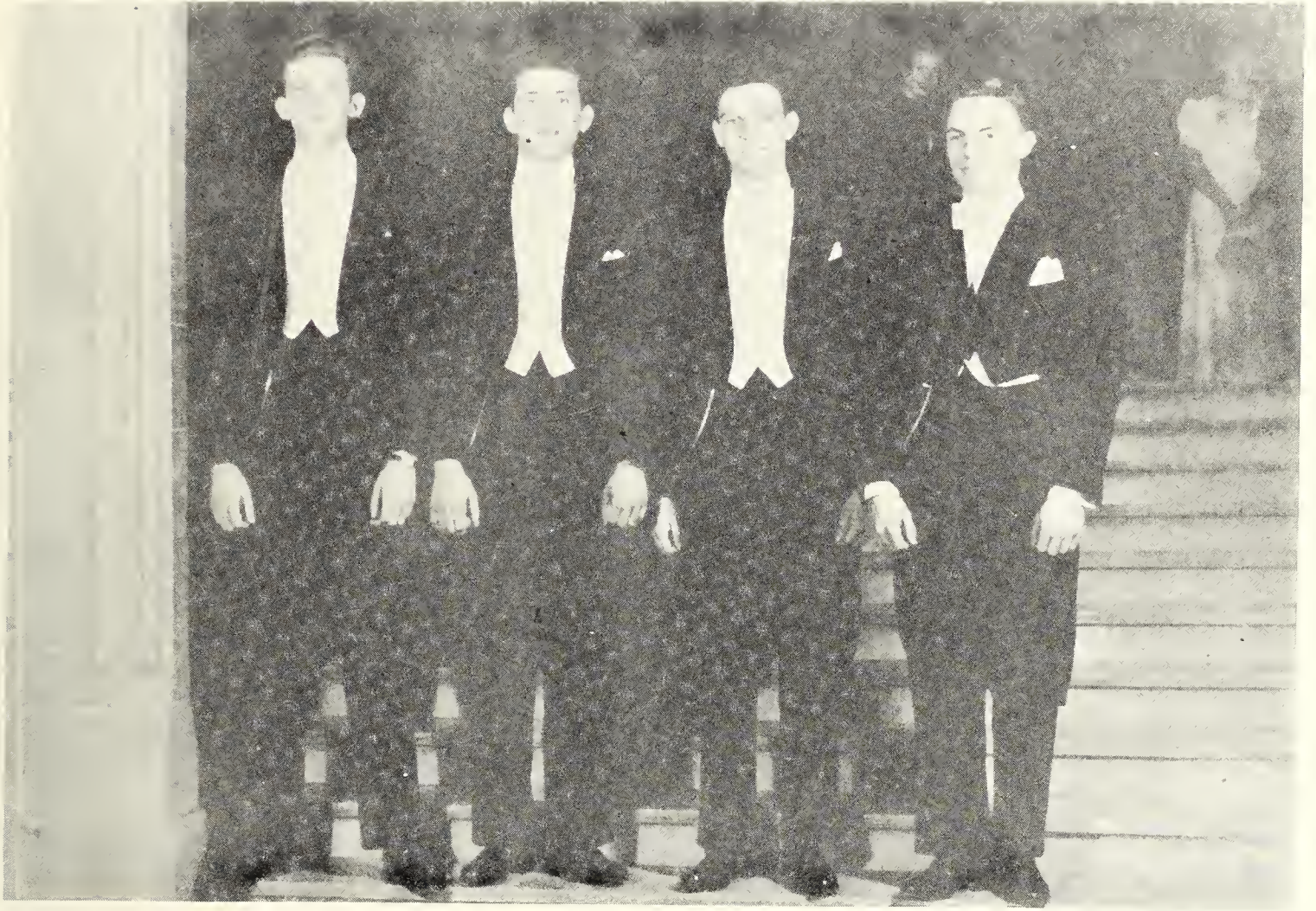


Remember the days of our youth -----  
A FORMER STUDENT



Mona Lisa





How about going really Formal to the At-Home?



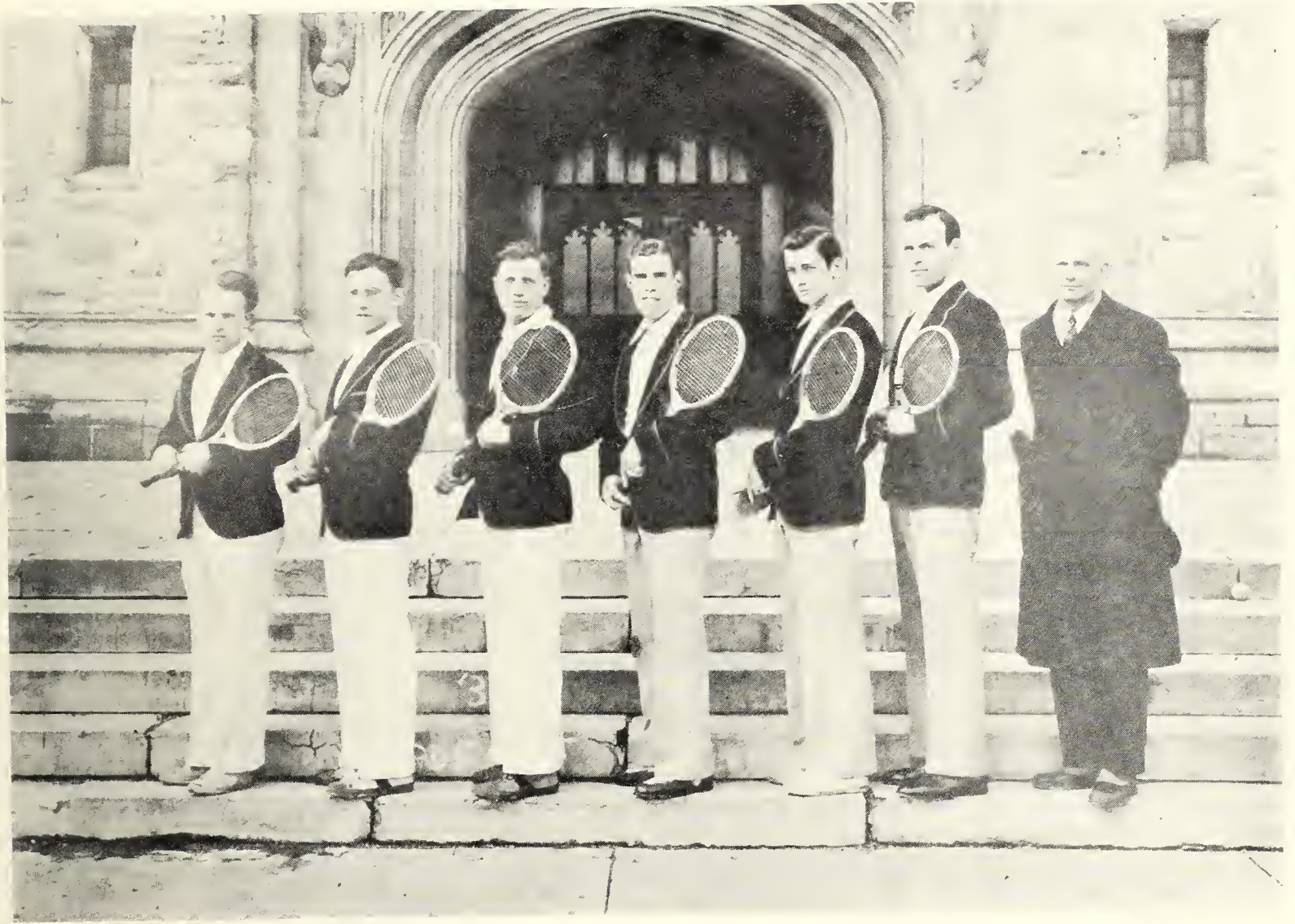
The terror of highway 101



Sunset side of the College  
Note the absence of the vines, trees, and driveway. This picture was taken when the school was new.



Squash!!!!!!



Tennis Anyone?  
Dr. Bishop is standing beside Mr. Simpson.



Do that button up!

# Who's Who AT A.C.



1932

STANDING: Mr. Reekie, Mr. Simpson. SITTING: Dr. Smith, Dr. McMullen, Dr. Bishop, Mr. Doxsee, Mr. Franklin.

## T K. F.

Came to Albert as a teacher 1931—  
Registrar—1934—  
Junior House Master 1931—



In 1931 Mr. Franklin came to teach in Albert College as a Junior School Principal. He also taught high school subjects Canadian History, English and Mathematics. During the summer of 1934 he worked in the office and became familiar with the school business.

With the retirement of Principal Bishop in 1934 and the coming of Dr. Howard to the principalship, there was a need for a Business Administrator who could bridge the gap between the two principals. Mr. Franklin applied for the position of Registrar and was accepted.

Up to this day his shrewd business tactics have kept Albert on an even keel. He has a thousand and one responsibilities placed on his shoulders. Because, if he is not buying tickets for our transportation home or totaling our caution-money: he is paying our bills. Besides this, Mr. Franklin has also the position of Secretary of the Board of Governors.

Finally, Mr. Franklin has the added responsibility of being treasurer of Albert's Centenary Campaign. He accepted this position on his own accord because he wanted to see Albert College expand its initial purpose of a "dynamic Christian-character" to a larger enrollment.

And this in a nut shell is the true purpose of Albert's Campaign. God willing, the campaign will succeed.

In closing I would like to pay this tribute to you, Mr. Franklin . . . you have proven to us that business can be a two fold job: it can work hand in hand with God through the church.

---

*Quoted from an Albert College Calendar—1915-16-17.*

"The use of tobacco and spirituous liquors by anyone connected with the College is absolutely forbidden.

No vacation is given at Easter except Good Friday and the following Monday."



Mr. H. B. Simpson

# H.B.S.

Came to Albert as a teacher 1931—  
Senior House Master 1933-45  
Assistant Principal 1949—

Quoted from the 1933 "Alibi"



The College authorities made no mistake when in the fall of 1932 they appointed Mr. Simpson to the responsible position of House Master. He combines academic ability and power with a capacity to impart his knowledge to his pupils and further, has a rare understanding of boys and young men.

What immediately impresses one on meeting him is his forceful personality, his friendly smile and his contagious sense of humor. He possesses a philosophy of life all his own. Sane and practical though it is, he does not parade it on the grandstand of public-speaking. But when he does speak his words are weighty, and his thoughts convincing.

To-day, Mr. Simpson still possesses that impressive character which he has cultivated through the years. Without a doubt, he is still winning the respect and honour of the teachers and the students just as he did, a way back in 1933.

Yes, Mr. Simpson, that unexplainable "bond" which has held so many to Albert, has succeeded in keeping you here. We are thankful for your presence and it is to be our goal to strive for that Christian character which you have shared with us.

---

*Quoted from the Albert College University Calendar of 1880.*

"The bell rings for Reveille at 5:30 A.M.; for prayers at 8:30 A.M.; for Lectures as specified by the Council; for resuming reading at 7 P.M.; for Taps at 10 P.M.

Students are not allowed to be absent from the College without the permission of the President, except on Saturdays, from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. and on other days from 7 to 8:30 A.M. and from 4 to 7 P.M.

*Quoted from an Albert College Calendar—1935.*

"Too much spending money is a temptation to a student and a frequent cause of difficulty. One dollar a week at the most is quite enough for spending money."

The use of spirituous liquors by anyone connected with the College is absolutely bidden and punishable by instant dismissal.

Thanks to regular hours, wholesome food, and plenty of out door exercise, good health and fine energy is usually maintained."



Mr. N. A. Beach

# N. A. B.

Came to Albert 1935-1941 :1945—  
 Director of Physical Education 1945—  
 Senior House Master 1945—

Mr. Beach came to Albert in 1935 to be in charge of boys Physical Education. He was asked to go overseas to be Senior Supervisor of the Canadian Reinforcements in 1941 for the Y.M.C.A. He returned to Albert in 1945 to take up his former position.

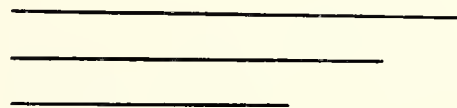
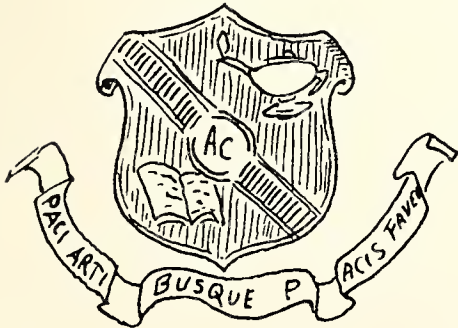
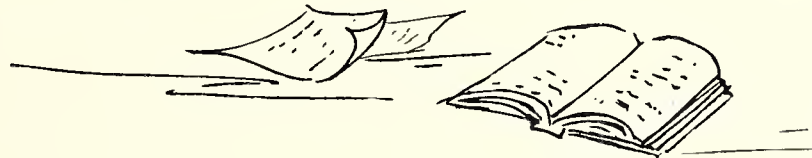
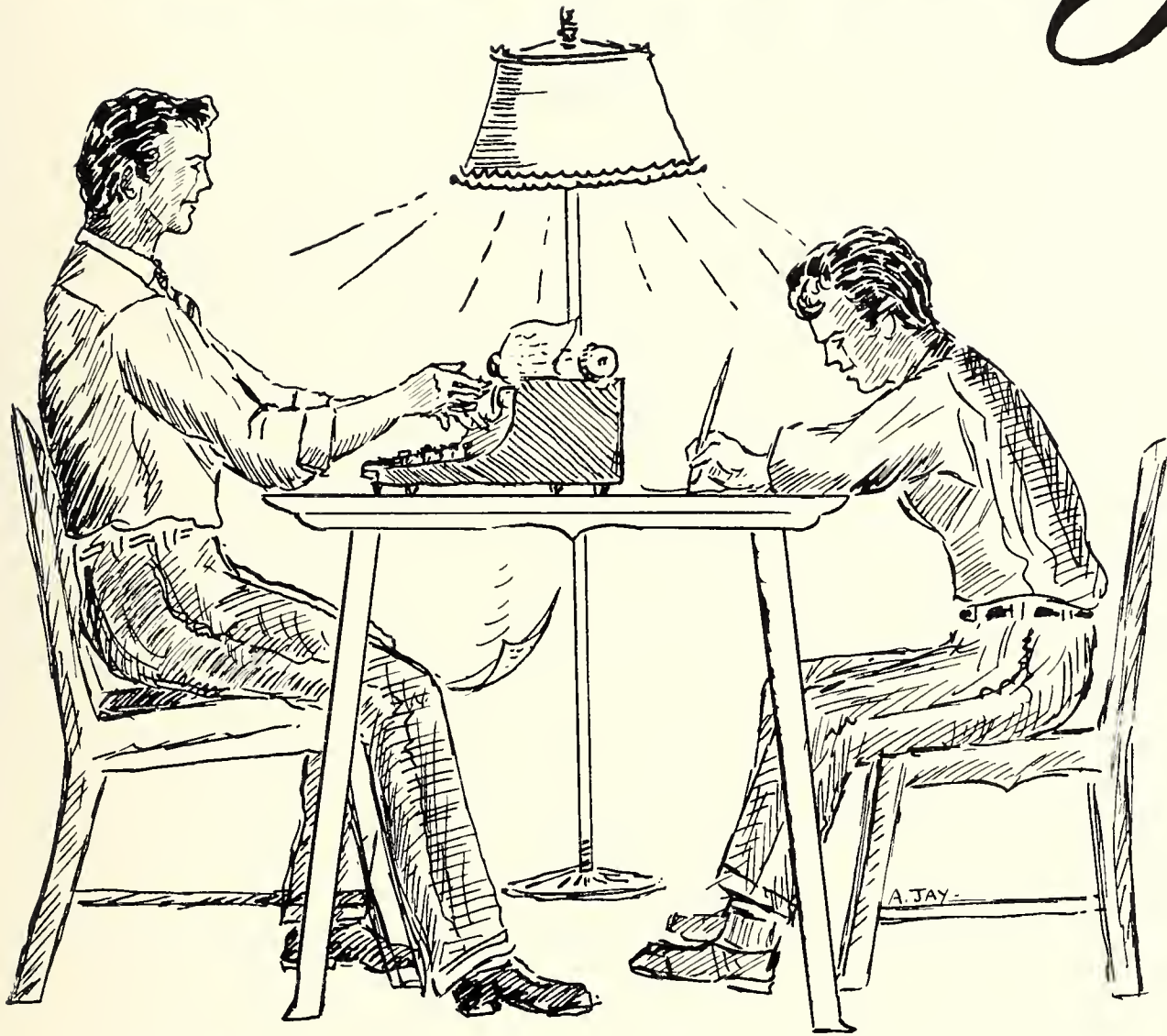
Mr. Beach was Secretary-Treasurer of Albert's Alumni Association from 1951 to 1955: Each summer for past five years he has been the director of R. K. Y. Camp on Eagle Lake in Eastern Ontario.

If anything goes wrong at A.C. that has any bearing on him, he will take full responsibility. An example is this quotation, "As coach my apologies to both teams for not being able to provide more positive leadership."

I could continue this character sketch but instead I am going to leave the rest up to you because you, the individual, know him best. He is an honest, straight forward man, and it goes without saying, that this institution would be uprooted without his presence.



# Literary



# Alibi Literary Contest

## WINNERS

### PROSE:

First Prize:	Don Osborne .....	\$10.00
Second Prize:	Raymond Borlase .....	\$ 5.00
Third Prize:	Margie Scott .....	\$ 2.00

### POETRY:

First Prize:	Don Wylie .....	\$10.00
Second Prize:	Bob Rupert .....	\$ 5.00
Third Prize:	Larry Wood .....	\$ 2.00

## JUDGES

Mr. C. W. B. Sloan ..... Mr. L. D. Reid

## PRIZE MONEY DONATED

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The Alibi Staff is grateful to David's Electric for their contribution in the search for good material for our magazine.



## Black Hours

by Donald Arthur Wylie



O hallowed darkness  
Passing by  
Connecting day  
To day,  
In evening  
Anticipated,  
In morning  
Reminisced.

Divine, the peace,  
Rest abounds  
Dream, think,  
Ponder long  
In solitude of  
Night, no loneliness  
But tranquillity  
And placidness.

This glory broken  
By faint glitters  
Stars and moon  
The milky way,  
Car lights, streets,  
House lights, stores,  
Others made  
Of human cause.

Noiseless, save  
The wing flit  
Or the call, both  
Bird and beast,  
Wind whistle,  
Tree tremble,  
Silent breaking  
Of the night.

Dawn—the victor  
Bringing creatures  
Running, driving,  
Banging, tearing,  
Now we looking  
Into hours when  
The crazed rush  
Stops again.

## Life

Bob Rupert

Obstacles are commonplace on life's long thoroughfare,  
And those who strive for lofty goals are bound to meet their share.  
To face, to fight and overcome these hurdles will require  
A power of mind, a faith in God, within you a desire  
To climb the ladder of success by honest, Christian means,  
And gain the top, to realize Fulfilment of your dreams.

The road is rough, the going hard, and helping hands are few,  
You need a friend, a guiding star, your courage to renew.  
But you might say, "Who is that friend? Where is that guiding light?"  
"Where is that someone to be found who'll help me win the fight?"  
He's all around you, everywhere, he's with you night and day;  
And it might help your peace of mind on bended knee to pray.

## Illusion

Don Osborne.



Saunders stirred the last few, smouldering ashes of his camp fire. It was the last fire he would have for a long time outside of the small Coleman burner he had brought, and it was practically out of fuel. "I should be getting panicky, or something," he sneered to himself, and indeed he should. On hearing rumours about Uranium in Baffin Island, he had, like an excited kid, gathered equipment and dashed off with wild dreams of fortune. He had not taken any precautions at all; his equipment was not made for blizzards. He had brought a compass, of course, and his Winchester .32 special. Without the latter he would have been dead long ago. He had also disobeyed the most important rule of all. He had ventured alone into barren wasteland, where the temperature at that time of year dropped to fifty degrees below zero. Moreover, he was so ignorant of the facts concerning the weather in that type of country, that he did not know that the weird stillness which had fallen over the wilderness was the prelude to a crushing blizzard.

He removed a can of water from the fire where it had been resting precariously on the glowing embers, and noted with a curse that it was barely lukewarm. None the less, he stirred in some stale tea leaves. Disgusted with the results, he threw the can and its contents as far as he could. The last ember of the fire glowed convulsively and went out. It was then that the blizzard broke with all its violence.

After two days of unbridled fury, the blizzard died down to a harmless breeze. During the storm Saunders, in his tent, came to the horrible realization that the cheap compass which he had brought was completely thrown off by the effects of the relatively close "magnetic north", and not knowing even his approximate position, had no way of telling direction. He was in a tight spot and he knew it. His food was low, and he hadn't seen any signs of wild life for over a week. He decided to stay the night and start walking the next morning. That night, he prayed that his guess of "south" would be right.

The next morning was a pleasant shock, and it gave him a sense of hope. The sun was shining from a cloudless blue sky and, for the first time, he really looked around. He noticed that he was in some sort of gully and that directly behind his back was a mountainous ridge of snow about forty feet in height. He figured that his visibility would be reasonably good from that vantage point, and so he climbed it. The sight which he beheld from the top staggered him. The hill, though steep on one side, graded itself gradually to a snowy plain about five hundred yards from the summit. Situated on the plain was an army camp including light tanks, radar, mess-huts, trucks, jeeps, half-tracks, and even artillery, all painted in gleaming white. The approximate centre of the camp was marked by the erection of a tall flagpole.

Delirious with joy, Saunders charged down the hill waving his ever-present Winchester wildly in the air. He slowed to a walk near the bottom of the hill breathing heavily. "Thank God for the Army boys", he said aloud. As he approached the camp, he noticed a small group of men gathering at the base of the flagpole. He also noticed that they just stood there, their eyes glued on him. "Probably surprised to see anyone around this place," he laughed to himself. He began to run again, this time shouting "Hey!" periodically. Still there was absolutely no reaction, except that a machine-gunner turned and apparently said something, but that was all. He was about a hundred yards from the group, when, for the first time, he glanced at the flagpole. He stopped dead in his tracks, smitten. The blood red banner of the U.S.S.R. snapped artfully in the breeze!

He shivered perceptibly, and slowly started backing away. His first decisive action was his worst. The Winchester pivoted rapidly to his hip, and he slammed five rounds into the midst of the gathering, readily dispersing them. He then whirled on the spot and, with ridiculously high hopes, broke wildly for the summit. He hadn't gone thirty yards when the Russian machine-gunner found the range.

## They Have Them in Durban

R. Borlase



The docks were as silent as a tomb; the sun, sinking out of sight, threw its last rays upon the tall white majestic liners tied to their moorings, railcars rested upon their steel tracks after a day of buffeting and clanging, long, low, warehouses looked forbidding with their big doors sealed for the night.

Then, across the water drifted the sound of natives chanting as they gathered around the evening fires in their compounds not far from the ships that they laboured upon during the day.

The place was Durban, where, I found myself in the summer of 1950; Durban docks, the place where the South African police warned passengers and crew of the liners as we tied up that morning. The warning was grim; be careful entering and leaving the docks at night, for one or two small gangs of natives could be waiting to pounce and rob victims of their clothes and money.

The sun had just sunk from sight that evening as I found myself stepping onto the quayside and heading for the dock gates to visit the city of Durban; probably the only chance in a life time.

My footsteps echoed around the sides of the silent ships and warehouses as I strode along the roadway, causing a few nesting birds to scatter with a flurry of wings.

Following instructions I turned into a dark and deserted side road. I quickened my pace to make sure I would be out of the docks before the last rays of the sun vanished. As my shoes crunched the gravel I suddenly became aware of another sound; (my ears by now being very sensitive); the sound of bare feet pounding upon the gravel. I spun around, and there charging straight at me was a huge native, clad in his jungle dress. In his right hand a wooden staff looked wicked and dangerous. A robber! Those police warnings! I panicked. How could I fight such a huge native? Were there others waiting at the end of the street, waiting for me to run into their trap?

He came closer, and closer, a big savage looking brute, the stop-at-nothing type. My senses were in a whirl. How could I get away? Run? But where? I stood still, rooted to the ground. That's it! Stand still until he is only a few feet away, then dash past him! That small start will do the trick for getting away!

By now he was desperately close, I could see the flash in his eyes, the sweat on his forehead and chest. I stood ready to spring. Then he slowed down to a trotting pace, then a walking pace, he was not going to be fooled! He came within a few feet, deliberately, slowly, ready to pounce on his victim, he stopped, our eyes met, he smiled, and said, "Rickshaw sir? Only one shilling to Durban."

# Rules

Barb Smith

This institution I have found  
 Is based on rules very sound.  
 We seem to break them without heed,  
 But never failing, and with speed.  
 The motto is one, not always spoken,  
 That every rule is made to be broken.  
 Now don't do this, and don't do that,  
 They'll think we are a fraidy cat.  
 To swing on the lights down where we eat  
 Is to be an ambition that can't be beat  
 And if they caught me in the air  
 My wouldn't all those teachers stare.  
 Immediately they'd make a rule  
 Don't swing from lights within the school.  
 Now talking in halls is strictly out  
 Don't let this make you fret and pout  
 While walking to and from your class  
 They'll let you speak to your fair lass.  
 In resident life rules still hold true  
 And often serve to make us blue.  
 Silence must reign at the ring of the bell  
 Yet still I have a tale to tell.  
 If caught while wandering in the hall  
 We get a campus, one and all.  
 For this institution I have found  
 Is based on rules very sound??



## The Marvels of the Sky

Carmen Cooper

Have you ever sat and looked at the sky on a night when the stars are very bright, and everything about you is quiet and still? I am sure that if you have, you will agree that there is no atmosphere quite like it. The mood is one of peacefulness and awe. You look up into the starry heavens and think of how very little and unimportant you are, compared to those majestic sovereigns.

If you look long enough you become so engrossed in wonder and amazement that the very world about you seems asleep, and you are no longer one of its numerous members.

In this separate world of yours, there are no worries or cares. The beauty of the morning and the silence of the night are all part of the wonders that eternity gives you. Yes, you have eternity in this new world. Nothing ends, and nothing begins.

The sky is getting a grayish tinge about it now, and again you wonder what this can mean. Soon you are satisfied that it is only dawn creeping up. Shortly it will be day light! When you look towards the east you can see a reddish glow appearing over the horizon. Morning! Already? That is the beauty of the heavens. You can get so carried away in its glorious wonder that you forget even reality as it is on earth. The only important thing to you now is the rising of the sun, and the beauty it casts on everything. A beauty so clean and pure, and soon to be ruined by the smoke from the heartless factories.

Yes, soon the hustle and bustle of the world about you will shatter this dream of yours but somewhere far away someone else is just beginning to experience this marvellous world of yours.

# School Days

Larry Wood

In study hall is where I sit  
Trusting to my lasting wit  
To do each bit of homework right  
So I can sleep in peace to-night.

But if I let my homework go  
Next day in class I'll have to show  
My work undone: so teachers say  
You have a campus Saturday .

And when my girl hears I can't go  
She alone goes to the show  
Wondering why she hardly ever  
Dates a fellow who is clever.

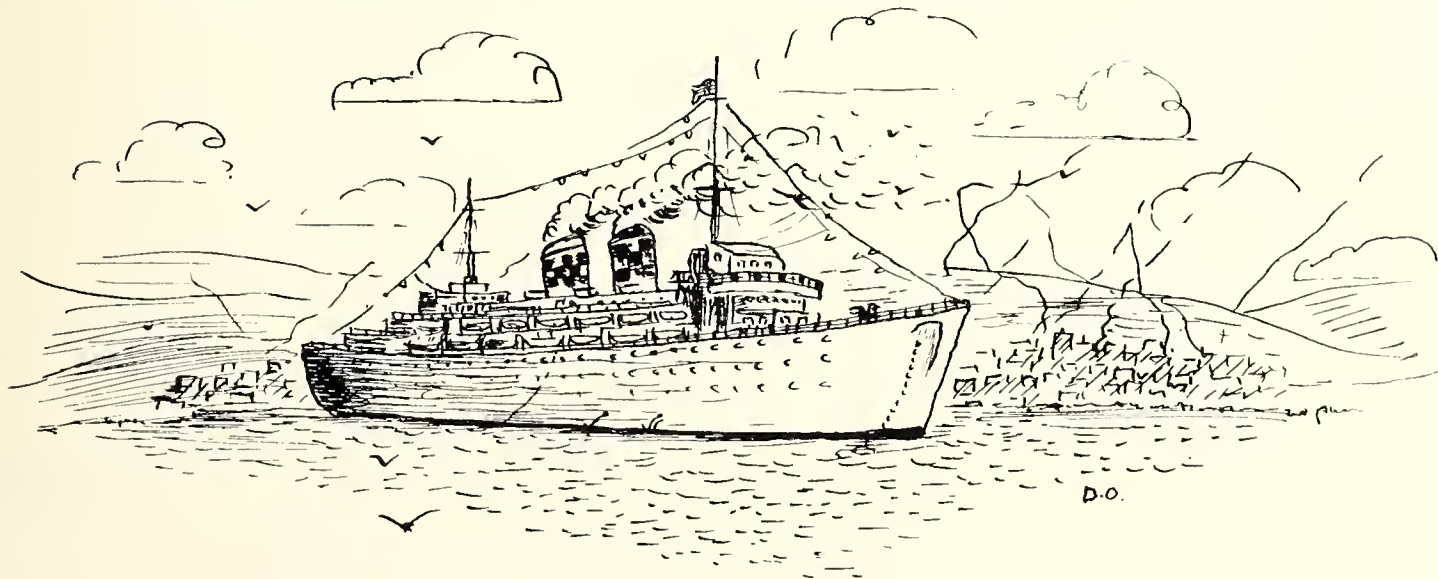
So my advice to you, you see  
Is do alg. and history  
And life at last will be all right  
And you'll enjoy each Saturday night.



# Port of Call

Jim Earle

One of the ports of call for many of the Cunard liners which ply their weekly course across the North Atlantic Ocean between New York and Southampton is the port of Cobb, which is situated on the South East Coast of Ireland.



Cobb is completely different from either New York, Southampton or Le Havre, which are the other ports on the run. These places all have huge harbours lined with impressive docks and spacious warehouses. Gigantic cranes quickly unload the ship's cargo while the passengers disembark down a gangplank into a large building on the other side of which await trains and buses to take the voyageurs to their destination. This is not what happens in Cobb, by any means! The liner, on entering port, instead of being moored to a dock such as the one which it left in New York, simply drops its anchor in the middle of a beautiful, natural harbour.

Instead of mammoth buildings taking up every square inch of land around the harbour, and smoky factories contaminating the air, there meets the eye, beautiful green hills which roll away from the harbour's brink towards the horizon. The only settlement to be seen is a tiny city, nestled between two gradually sloping emerald green hills.

When the passengers disembark, they descend the gangplank, not onto a dock but onto a tender, or small ferry, which then takes them across the dark blue waters of the bay to the city. As the little tender puffs away toward shore, beautiful white gulls which had followed the liner for so many miles, suddenly leave in pursuit, evidently expecting to have food thrown from the tender for them. However, they couldn't have been too well received for they are soon back again, hovering in graceful circles above the ship which had provided them with sustenance for such a long time.

When the last load of passengers has been taken ashore, the stately liner, its whistles booming a parting farewell across the calm waters of the harbour, slowly turns around, and again heads out to sea.

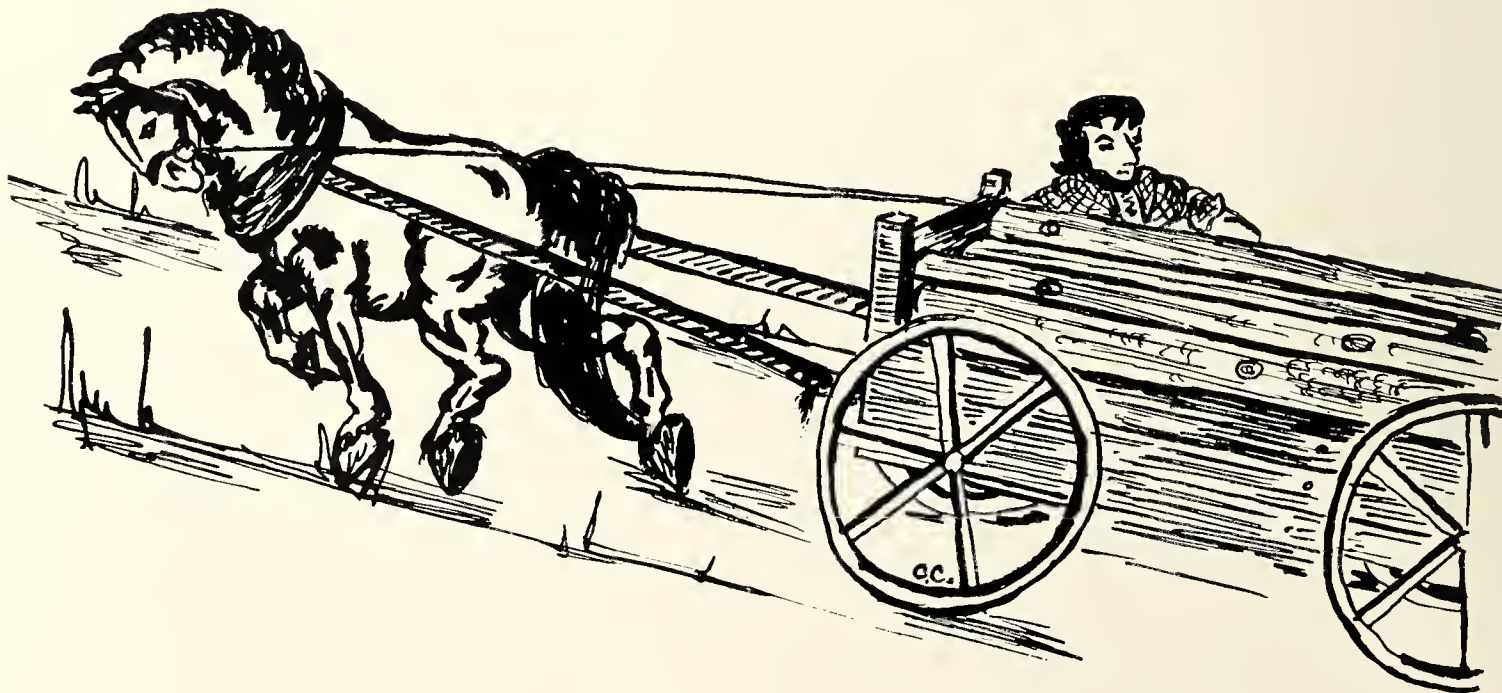
This brief, but interesting stop in such a beautifully unique seaport, provides a lovely interlude in a long voyage.

## Portrait of a Town

—Dave Smith

Almost overnight in 1856 a town began to thrive with industry. The chief of them was the milling industry. But there were others—a tannery, a blacksmith shop, a stove and barrel factory. There was never an idle moment in town. The mills were kept going day and night. Teams of horses and oxen followed one another in a steady stream to and from the town. Some brought wheat to be ground or sold; others logs or wool.

The stage coach was a frequent visitor to the town bringing the countless strangers. Some of the newcomers were sincere in building a home and settling down while others were determined to cause trouble. Consequently funerals were regular and "granite orchard" expanded which pleased only the undertaker.



Th "Red Coast" established law and order but this did not save the town. The Canadian Pacific was attracting trade to Medicine Hat and away from the town. Industries soon ceased to operate, stores closed and workers moved away. The old mill stopped turning and the stream flowed idly on, unused and unharnessed.

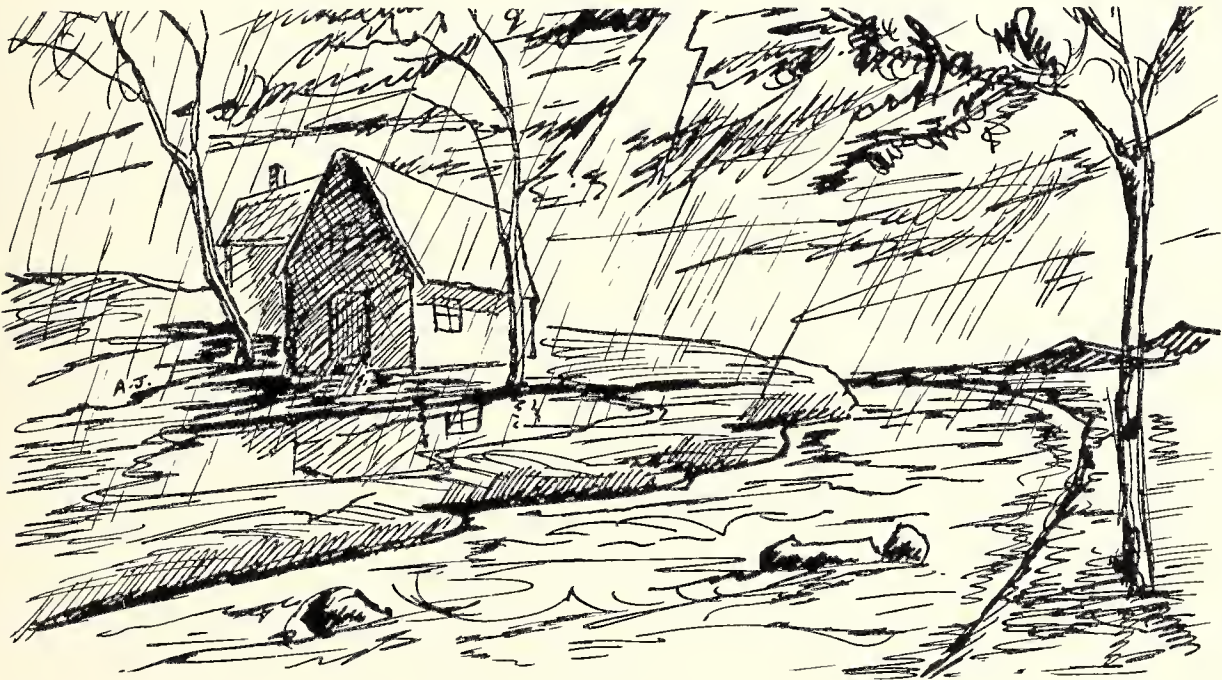
Now, only parts of the main road can be seen here and there. Under the sun and rain the buildings have deteriorated until now they are only mere oblong frames. A lilac bush blooms untended where formerly there was a lovely garden.

The once thriving town thrives no more; the fields reap no more; the river quenches no more; the buildings shelter no more; man comes no more.

## The Storm

Terry West

Soon the sparkling stars are hidden. A gentle uncertain breeze threatens to blow. The low dark clouds race back and forth overhead, rolling and stumbling over one another, seemingly panic-stricken by some strange God or Goddess. A timid, but bright, flash of lightning rolls over the unaware earth for but a moment, then is once more hidden behind the shadowing woods. Out somewhere in the everthickening clouds a rumbling can be heard. All is quiet, the rivers and streams flow undisturbed.



Then, steady like the poundings of charging wild horses, it comes, the wind and the rain, their onslaught covered by the artillery of heaven. The thunders bang and explode, answering one another across the sky; the lightnings crack and hiss; the winds howl challenging the strength of mother earth. The cruel rain plunges downward on the drenched and helpless earthians, while the streams overflow and rivers flood their banks. For five, ten, twenty minutes it continues. One, two, three hours and still no mercy! The sky remains wholly dark, the trees tremble and sway, bending their trunks and ripping their roots from the moisture-laden ground. The lightning strikes time and time again, falling tree upon tree. But while the heavens break loose and the whirling rain continues to fall, a dim ray of moonlight struggles then breaks through the clouds.

Then as suddenly as it had started, it stops, and the towering trees ceases to sway. The long waving grass stands erect like Russian Sentinels and is no more bothered by the storm. The forlorn clouds retreat back into the heavens and all is still once again. A chipmunk begins to chatter and an owl continues with its hooting. The forest glistens and sparkles. The storm is over and all is quiet.

# Lilac Time

Amy Ing



The sweet delicate aroma of lilac time blends in with the quiet, contented evenings of a young love. The sparkling stars shine luminously in the midnight blue; a rapturous spring evening in lilac time has begun anew. The cool, gentle foliage, with its deep lime leaves and softly-mauved velvety flower, sprigged branches, sways splendidly in the tender night. A shadowy veil floats over young lovers tranquilly seated beneath the magic-woven grove; a fresh fragrance of delight drifts about in symphony with their whispered endearments. A never repeated, never forgotten time is lilac time, when an exhilarating young love blooms as the lilac blossoms, lending a celestial bliss to all who are under the enchantment of heady lilac champagne. Sweet compassionate promises are left, lingeringly, to this intangible moment. A moment of fascination in a lilac theme!

# Ears

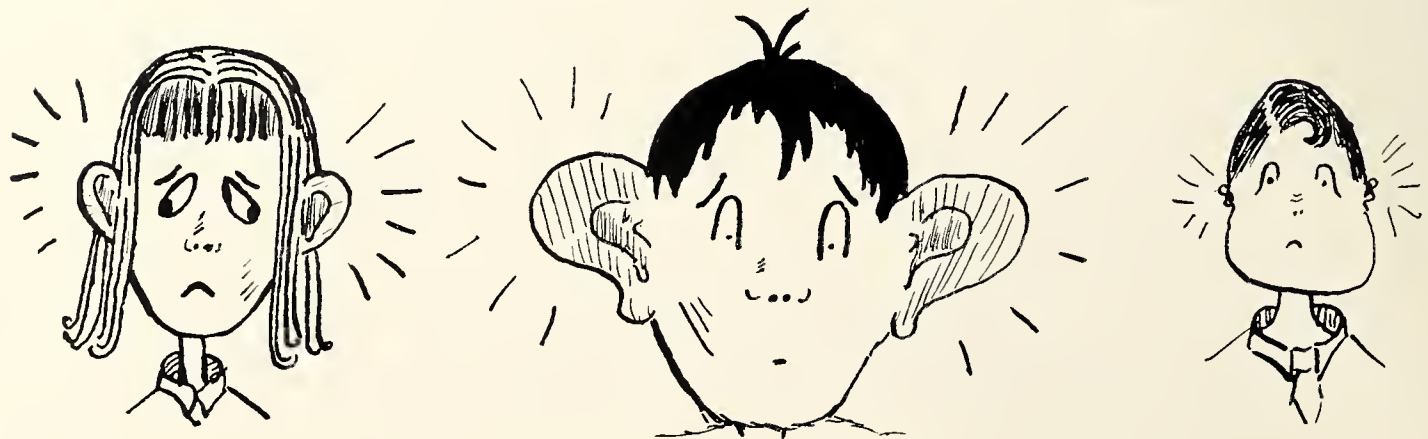
Darle Reid

As you know, ears have been with mankind quite a number of years. I myself have had a pair for nearly sixteen years now. Ever since I can remember they've been a great help to me. Besides letting me hear voices and noises, they also act as sails when I'm skating or skiing.

There are many kinds of ears you can obtain. There are big ones, small ones, long ones, short ones and a special kind called cauliflowers. I have a pair of big ones which sometimes are liabilities rather than an asset to me. They are quite easily obtained by consulting your parents and family doctor. If you would like a change you can consult your local dealer, preferably a plastic surgeon, and he can order you a pair right away.

As you know washing your ears is a very tedious and tricky job. You can never seem to get them clean. Because of this fact, you should take them to a cleaning specialist every six months for a check-up. If you don't, the dirt and grime gets in around the small parts and can wreck the most delicate machinery beyond repair.

I am very proud of my ears although they are getting old and wrinkled. I hope they'll last another sixteen years in as good condition as they have in the past.

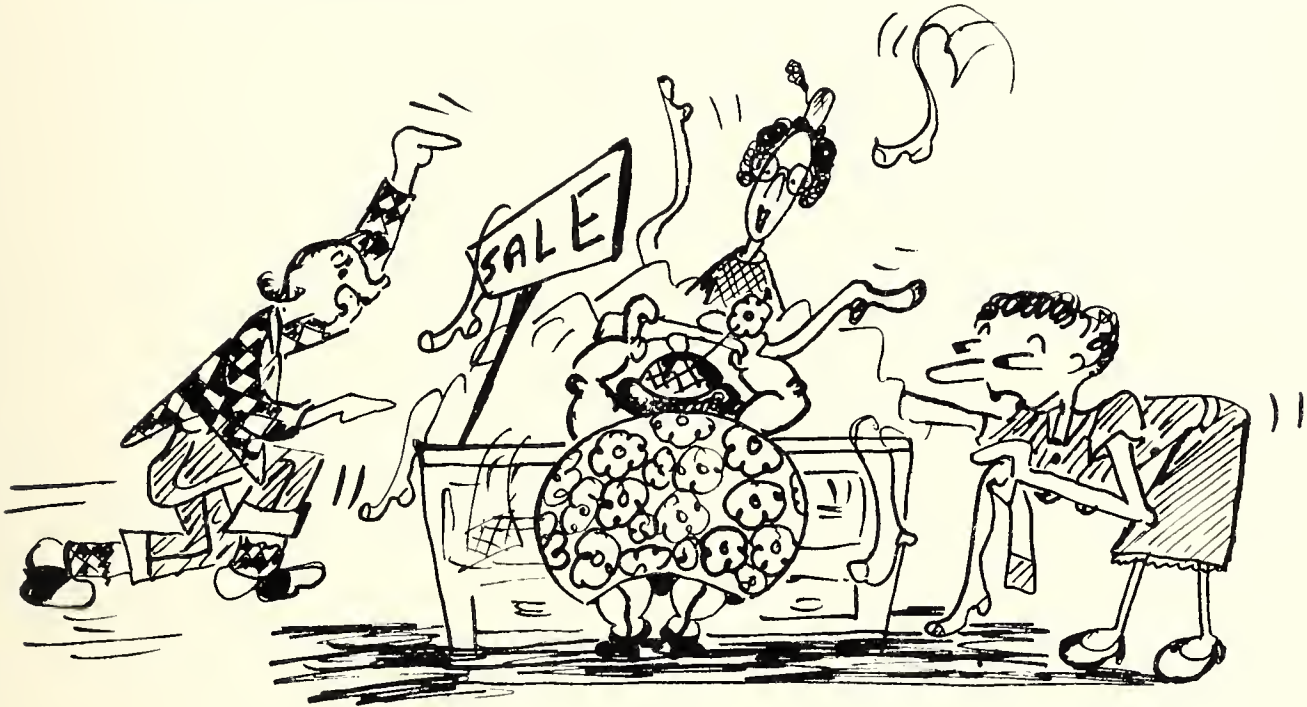




## Psychology Pays Off

D. Cruikshank

The bargain counter was the scene of wildest confusion. The wild screams of three ostentatiously meek and mild old ladies lunging for the last drastically reduced "dress for distinguished women" rent the air. A distressed husband's overt glance gave mute expression to an unvoiced warning as his wife plunged headlong into the melee before the glove counter. A distraught clerk groped his way out of the mob which had instantaneously materialized around the wagon of overshoes he had brought in from the store-room. His more astute compatriot gave his wagon a shove and discretely jumped clear.



Safe in his glass-walled office a rather fat, gaudily dressed merchant beamed patronizingly down upon his clientele. Unconsciously he rubbed his greasy hands together as he fancied his ears detected an increase in the intensity of cash register clanging. The only stolid character in the place, a gorilla-like floor-walker hired especially for the occasion, roughly reminded the more light-fingered customers, that were at such a sale as this, a token payment was required.

Counter after counter was cleared of stock by the ravenous throng. Then promptly at five, a suddenly revitalized manager, much to our merchant's disappointment, sounded the gong which ended the third clearance fire sale in as many weeks. The empty shelves paid tribute to the successful application of the psychological approach to modern big business.

## Women—Assets or Liabilities

Jim Thorne.

Perhaps the best way to approach this rather elusive topic is to start with a definition. Although it is quite possible to obtain this information by accepting — ahem — various opinions, the most complimentary definition will be found in a reputable dictionary. Such a definition is "members of the female sex, WHEN GROWN UP."

If this "when grown up" is thought of as being emotional growth and not merely physical development, the number of true women is indeed small. (It may be noted here that the author has desperately tried to approach his topic with an open and unbiased mind; however, facts are facts.)

One of the best examples of the manner in which a woman acts is in the word "woman" itself. If the word is broken into syllables and an extra syllable is added, we have a true and just meaning. In short, a woman brings "woe to man."

This may be done in various ways, means, and shapes, and behind your back. Most women are still at the stage of keeping up with the Jones—or more specifically, keeping up with Mrs. Jones. This age-old practice is made somewhat difficult when it is realized that Mrs. Jones is the wife of a bank president. Then again, there is a woman's susceptibility to bargains. Almost without exception, women flock madly to buy nylons, regularly priced at \$2.00 a pair, now reduced to only \$1.98. Certain unscrupulous persons are prone to take advantage of this uncontrollable characteristic; quite recently a wellknown merchant had an overhead sprinkler installed in his business establishment. This, he stated, greatly facilitated the monthly smoke and water sale.

Women have very little conception of the value of money. That a dollar contains only one hundred cents does not make enough "sense" to a woman. To her, a dollar can be stretched as you would stretch a piece of pull-taffy. It matters little to her if the "snap back" of the dollar hits her husband in the pocketbook. As long as she gets what her heart desires, her husband is her heart's desire. If not, he is a lazy good-for-nothing who will never make a success of himself.

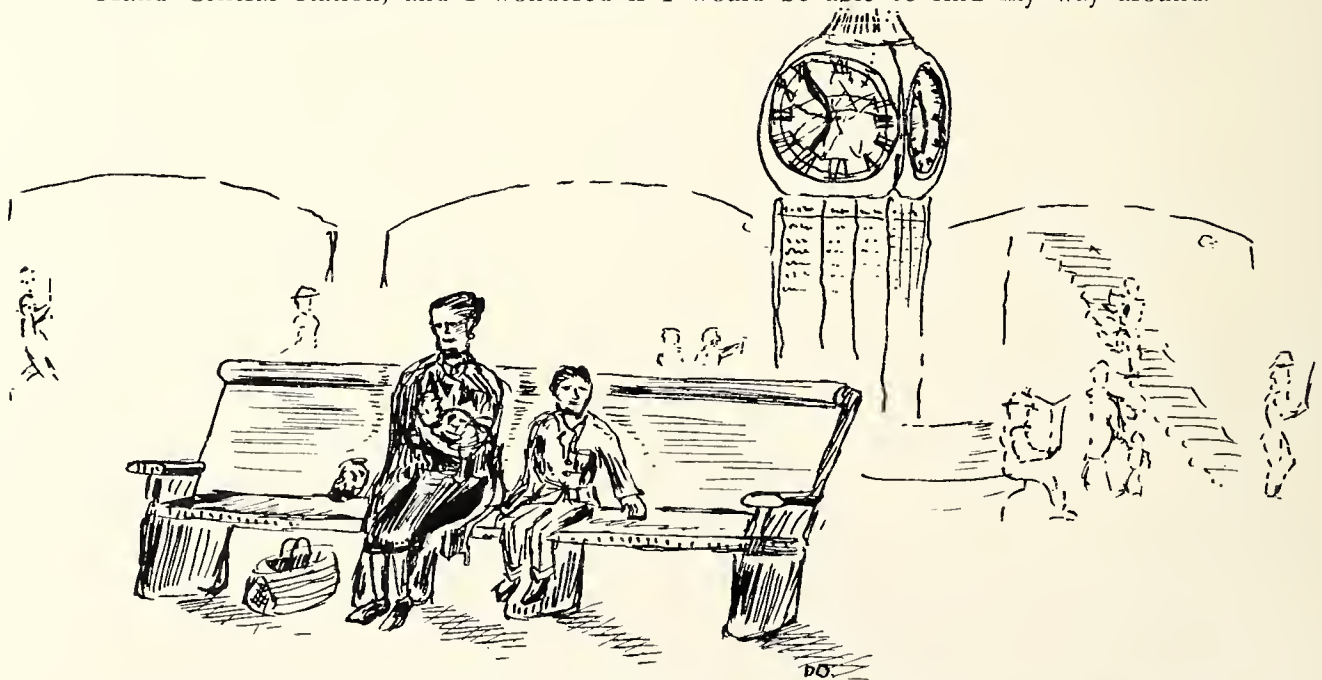
And so the male set is confronted with a combination of pride, hypocrisy, and greed which passes as a woman. Unless things change drastically, woman will come to be known as the "beginning of the end."

## My Lady!

Margie Scott

For weeks I had been looking forward with great anticipation to my New York visit. I was going to visit United Nations, Radio City, Coney Island, Fifth Avenue, and all those wonderful places we read about. The stores would be bought out and Broadway explored. What a wonderful week I was going to have and how I could talk about it when I returned.

The train trip itself was a source of delight to me. I thought of my Aunt waiting for me at the station. I laughed to myself as I thought of the jokes I had heard about Grand Central Station, and I wondered if I would be able to find my way around.



As fate would have it, my Aunt was not there to meet me so I sat down. My eyes wandered about the large building taking in all its details. What was the thought I would take away, largeness, noisiness, people, black porters. Certainly they all fitted the description.

My eyes eventually rested in one corner of the room. There a woman sat, a baby in her arms and a youngster of about five years at her side. Her sleek black hair was pulled tightly to the back of her head, very unattractively but at least it was neat, for not a hair was out of place. Her clothes were worn and threadbare. Over her shoulders was a black shawl hanging very loosely and giving the effect of having been tossed on in a hurry. Her dress, also black was of cotton.

The baby in her arms let out a slight whimper, and then it was I noticed her face, as she looked down at the baby and smiled. It was not a face of beauty nor was it one of distinctive features, yet it was a face I remember to this day. It was a happy face! Why was she so happy? Certainly to my eyes she had nothing to be happy about. Her clothes were worn, her baby was crying and her little boy was doing anything but sitting, quietly at her side.

My interest was taken by the lady and her two children, and I found myself wondering where she had come from and where she was going.

I noticed the five year old playing about and could not help wonder how many others had worn his coat. It was a tweed and at one time was probably attractive, but now it was faded and worn. My eyes spotted a neatly sewn patch just under one of the pockets and I could imagine his mother painstakingly mending his ripped coat. I noticed his hair was jet black like his mother's and suddenly I had a desire to see if the baby also had black hair.

I glanced again at the baby although I could not really see it. Its mother had it wrapped in a clean but hardly pretty blanket. I wondered how old the baby was and whether it was a boy or a girl. I wondered what its name was and whether it had its mother's beautiful smile.

What an interesting family, I thought, and how happy they all seem.

I saw a black porter walk towards them and I strained my ears to get a few facts on where they were going and where they had come from. I heard the mother speak in broken English, and then I realized I had been gazing on a new American! Then I knew why she was so happy. She did not have a material possession in the world, yet her face was happy. She was in a new land, a free country and for the first time in her life she could smile.

Yes, I saw all the sights of New York. I bought dresses to fill a closet. I saw plays and even fashion shows. What do I remember the most?

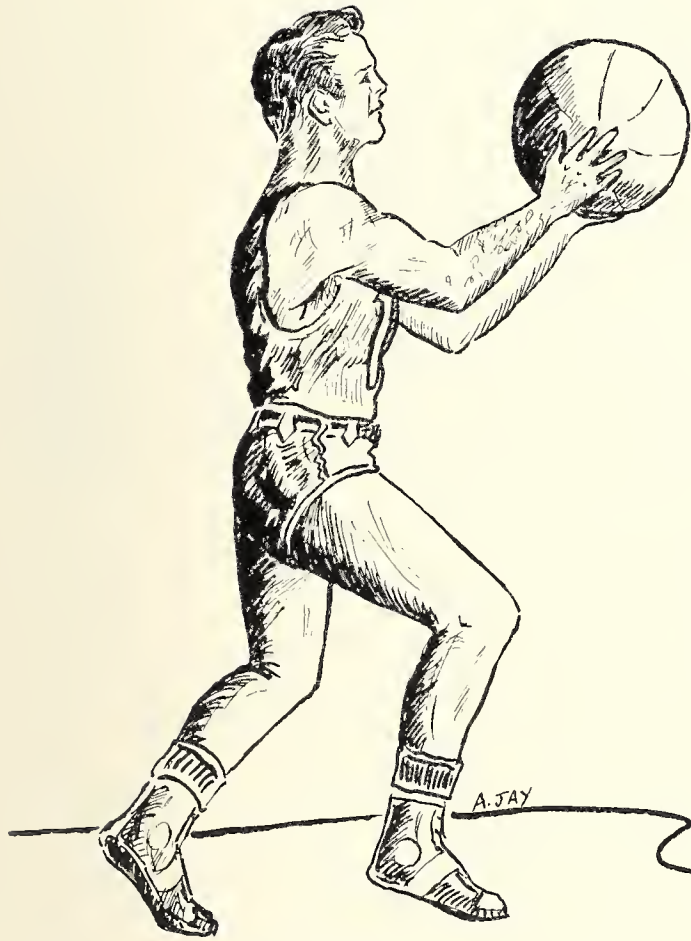
I remember the lady sitting in the station smiling, though she had nothing in the world but a new start in a new country.

I wonder if we appreciate our country, we who have known nothing but freedom and prosperity. The next time we feel sorry for ourselves, I think we should remember "My Lady" who had nothing, and yet she had everything to live for.





# Athletics





—Photo by McCormick

FRONT ROW: Jim Baker, Bill Perry, Bob McCuaig, Jerry Lake, John Rogers. SECOND ROW: Mr. Beach, Bob Rupert, Don Sutherland, Gord Fitch, Doug Boylan, Jack Taugher, Walt Dawson, Fred Bothwell, Dave Thompson. THIRD ROW: Noel Dudley, Ron Purser, Ted Gow, Dave Cruickshank, Joe Edwards, Dave Brown, Alex Hislop, Gary Franklin, Dave Cronkite. (Missing from picture, Al Johnson).

## Senior Football

The season's opening senior football tilt found the A.C. squad playing on the irregular field at Tweed High School. Weak on defence and weaker still on offense, the team barely managed to eke out a 6-5 victory over the Tweed squad. First-game jitters and an unpolished offense did much to keep the score so close.

Our first game on the home field was played against B.C.I. There was a marked improvement on the team's play which accounted for a 12-7 victory for our side. A pass to end Ted Gow from half-back Bob Rupert and a plunge by full-back Jim Baker accounted for the two majors.

The day after the return from the long (lost) Thanksgiving week-end, a hapless senior team traveled to Picton where they met the stiffest opposition of the season. A.C. won the game by an 11-6 verdict. A pass from Rupert to Taugher and a recovered fumble in the Picton end-zone combined along with a conversion to form the final score.

The B.C.I. boys came back for the final tussle between the two teams with revenge in their eyes. The home team had to stave off a last quarter drive to salvage a 14-10 victory. Quarter-back Bob McCuaig scored both majors of a pass interception and quarter sneak. In addition he held for a field goal and convert.

Playing on a mud-soaked field at Kingston on Friday, Oct. 7, the Albert Squad downed the Queen Elizabeth twelve by a 6-1 score. The lone touchdown was scored by speedy half-back Jerry Lake on a spectacular end run. A rouge by Albert completed the scoring.

Playing their best football of the season, an inspired senior team white-washed Picton on the A.C. field by a score of 17-0. Passes from McCuaig and Rupert to Taugher resulted in two T.D's, and Rupert also scored on a pass interception. Two of the majors were converted.

The season's last game involved a trip to Ottawa. Leaving early in the morning, we arrived at noon, an enthusiastic but weary lot. From the kick-off till mid-way through the third quarter, there was very little difference between the play of either team, but at that mid-way point, the bus trip and hard Ashbury tackles seemed to take the fight right out of our team. Pushing across the touchdowns in the last twenty minutes of play, our hosts racked up a 26-5 victory.

In summary, the grid season at Albert was not highly successful from anyone's viewpoint. The untimely ending of the schedule was brought about by poor judgement and an irresponsible attitude on the part of some of the team members.





—Photo by McCormick

FRONT ROW: Darrel Greenly, Pete Holland, John Dever, Malcolm Scott, Don McIver, Larry Goddard, John Hitchen, Gord Mylks. SECOND ROW: Mr. Beach, Albert Cann, Ron Leavoy, Darle Reid, John Moody, John Rowe, Bob Walks, George Cunningham, Eric Green, Jim MacKenzie. THIRD ROW: Alfred Wright, Terry West, Brock Robinson, Jack Marsh, Don MacKenzie, Guy Cummins, Larry Pratt, Bob Franklin, John McEachern, Bruce McCuaig, Steve Safe.

## Junior Football

The opener for the junior football team was played on the A.C. field against St. Mike's. The game was played under ideal conditions with A.C. emerging victorious by a 12-5 score. Two touchdown passes from quarter-back Don McIver to end Jack Taugher accounted for the team's total. Both were converted by McIver. Senior team members Bob McCuaig, Jack Taugher, Alan Johnson and Gary Franklin backed up a green but game junior team.

The second game of the season was played at Trenton. Sparked by Dominion Class 2 Sprint Champion Don Cottrell, the Trenton Team racked up a 17-5 victory over their guests. The Albert T.D. was made on a short plunge by Captain Don McIver.

On Saturday, Oct. 27, B.C.I. were guests on our field. Taking advantage of A.C. hospitality, they went home with a victory by a margin of 17-1. The single was punted by the captain.

The junior squad's lone encounter with O.S.D. at their field produced a scoreless deadlock. The defensive work of linemen Mal Scott and John Hitchen, along with rugged tackling of half-back John Dever, were features of the contest.



In the final game of the season, the team traveled to Brighton and tied with that school at a score of 5-5. Quarter Don McIver, who produced effectively all season, once again barged over for the touchdown.

The season was successful in that the team as a whole improved with every game, and a lot of boys gained experience which will prove valuable to them whenever they play in the future. Competent coaching was provided by Mr. N. A. Beach, who had his hands full doubling as mentor for both teams.





—Photo by McCormick

SITTING: (left to right) Bob McCuaig, Bob Rupert, Jack Taugher, John Rogers, Tom Burri. STANDING: (left to right) Mr. Darby, Judson Rae, John Rowe, Ted Gow, Alex Hislop, Doug Boylan.

## Senior Basketball

The 1956 edition of the Albert College Senior Basketball team played the season's opener against Trenton High School in the famous "inverted pill box" at Trenton. The play of both teams was ragged to say the least and a sloppy game was the result. Albert's offence was almost stymied by the low ceiling and narrow court as they barely managed to grab a close one from the inferior Trenton five by a narrow 35-31 margin.

The Trenton R.C.A.F. Fliers provided the opposition for Albert's second game. As has been the case nearly every year, the airmen were too strong for the locals, leaving with a 45-40 victory.

The Quinte district high school opener had the Belleville Collegiate Redmen as visitors on the Albert home floor. The Redmen pulled away to a fast start forcing Albert to come from behind to gain a 56-36 victory. The slow start of the Albert five brought to mind last year's disappointing loss in the C.O.S.S.A. semi-finals.

Belleville's entry in the Ontario Intermediate Basketball League visited the A.C. gym for an exhibition game on the night of January 18. The collegians very nearly scored a stunning upset over the powerful Crawfords squad but dropped a narrow lead in the final moments to lose a heart-breaker by a score of 61-60.

On Friday night, January 27, both Albert teams travelled to Napanee for a twilight twin-bill. The Napanee Seniors showed a surprisingly weak offence, allowing the Albert team to gain a decisive 75-45 triumph.

Hitting the century mark for the first time in three years, the locals handed a sound trouncing to the listless Quinte high school Senior team by a lop-sided score of 101-26. At this point it became obvious that the Senior team had smoothed the early season roughness of their attack and were due to hit their mid-season stride.

On January 8, Napanee High School came to Albert seeking revenge for the twin loss they had suffered at the hands of both Albert teams in their own gym, but once again they were sent home hungry. Taking advantage of the strong support from the partisan Albert crowd, both home teams emerged victorious.

In a foul-ridden tilt between B.C.I.V.S. at the local high school, Albert's Senior team once again downed the Redmen 67-44. Two of Albert's first string players fouled out early in the second half, bringing to mind once again last year's loss in the C.O.S.S.A. play downs at Ryerson gym in Toronto when the whole first string was ousted by fouls before the final bell.

As this article is written the Senior team has not yet lost a league game and are averaging better than sixty points a game. The prospects of Albert having a team in the C.O.S.S.A. finals at Toronto are very good. Team Captain Jack Taugher and centre "Long John" Rowe have been the team's big men, both in stature, scoring punch, and rebounding. Big John is ably supported on the fore-court by John Rogers, who has displayed a potent jump-shot from the corner, and Bob McCuaig whose driving plays and accurate set-shots are valuable assets to the team. Jack Taugher, who has proved to be a tremendous two-way player, is assisted in the backcourt by Bob Rupert. The Albert bench consists of Ted Gow, Alex Hislop, and towering Frank Davison. These three are all newcomers to the game but have shown a steady improvement throughout the season. Taugher, McCuaig, Rogers and Rupert are holdovers from last year's squad.

## Junior Basketball



SITTING: (left to right) George Cunningham, Pete Holland, Larry Goddard, Jim MacKenzie, Don MacKenzie. STANDING: (left to right) Mr. Darby, Steve Safe, Bob Franklin, John Moody, Ewart Budgell, John Dever, Malcolm Scott.

—Photo by McCormick

In the first half of a double-header between Junior and Senior teams from Albert College and Belleville Collegiate, our Juniors had their season's debut spoiled when they lost to the Belleville contingent by a lop-sided score.

The next Junior tilt saw the Juniors travelling to Napanee accompanied by the Senior squad for a Friday night Senior and Junior duet. Despite a slow start the local five came up with a decisive win which they duplicated when Napanee visited Albert for the return game.

The hard luck streak of the Junior team remained intact when they met the Quinte Juniors in the Albert gym. The powerful Quinte squad took home an easy victory showing a potent attack, led by centre Bill Dickey, which will probably carry them to their second consecutive Quinte district crown.

A glance at the won and lost record of Juniors would seem to indicate a rather dismal season for them, but this is not entirely true. At the date this issue goes to press, they have won two and lost three. The scores have been conveniently forgotten. However, the boys have gained valuable experience and a few of them, including Captain Larry Goddard, are definite prospects for next year's Senior team.

At this point, the Alibi sports editor wishes to pay tribute to Mr. Darby, the very popular mentor of both teams. His emphasis on conditioning and his enthusiastic leadership have proved invaluable.

Bob Rupert.

## Girls' Basketball



### SR. GIRLS' BASKETBALL

FRONT ROW: (left to right) Barbara Warren, Barbara Smith, Carol Crawford, Marg Stevens. BACK ROW: (left to right) Lucille Goddard, Pat Watson, Nikki Patterson, Gayle Wilson, Jean Mitchell, Liz Beggs.

—Photo by McCormick



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

—Photo by McCormick

Left to right: Carolyn Franklin, Dian Biggins, Leslie Joliffe, Barbara Goddard, Gini Kee, Frances Mowat, Frances Sault, Randy Custis, Liz Brown, Bev McCuaig.

We were very proud, this year, of both our Junior and Senior Basketball teams. Because of the great interest this year, we were able to form two teams instead of the usual incorporated Senior Team. Our new Gym teacher, Mrs. Lowther, became the official coach of both teams, while we owe a great debt of gratitude to Bob Rupert and Bob McCuaig for coaching the Junior and Senior teams, respectively, at our practices.

The Junior team had only two games on schedule which have both been played at the time of this writing. We were disappointed because we fought so hard, and the games were so close, and we still couldn't get ahead of the O.S.D. team. No single credit can be given, as it seemed that everyone was pulling as a team. We hope to find time to get some exhibition games played in the following months.

Unfortunately other activities interfered with the majority of the Senior Basketball team, and thus practice time was cut considerably. Although they didn't win a game, they had the spirit and the fight which showed up in a very close match with Wellington. The Seniors are looking forward to several more games which are on the C.O.S.S.A. schedule.

## Girls' Volleyball

The teams were organized again this year with Mrs. Irwin as coach. The usual Jamboree at O.S.D. followed two exhibition games at Quinte and O.S.D. for both juniors and seniors. Although we didn't enjoy victory at the Jamboree, everyone had a good time. The spirit of the girls was incredible; everyone worked equally hard, so it is difficult to attribute honour to a few. The greatest disappointment was the loss of the junior team to Picton, by a score of 23-21. The seniors were not quite as lucky, although they played some very good games. In spite of the fact that the volleyball season is so short, I'm sure everyone had plenty of fun and excitement.



CLOCKWISE: Norah Campbell, Gail Wright, Marg Stevens, Barbara Goddard, Fran Mowat, Carol Crawford, Gayle Wilson, Pat Watson, Curtaline Gilbert, Barb Smith, Barbara Warren.

—Photo by McCormick



**JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL**

FRONT ROW: Liz Brown, Bev McCuaig, Margarita Coling. BACK ROW: Betty Jean Easterbrook, Donna May, Mrs. Irwin, Jean Mitchell, Betty Anne Butterfield, Frances Sault, Joan MacKenzie, Carolyn Franklin.

—Photo by McCormick

## Swimming

A new interest this year took the form of a swimming club organized by one of our excellent swimmers, Liz Beggs. Girls who were interested in this club were divided into small groups according to their ability. In this way everyone kept advancing in preparation for tests in the spring and our annual House League Swimming Meet.

## Coming Events

We are looking forward with eager expectation to several events which will be held this spring. A ping pong tournament will be played shortly, and as I have previously mentioned, the swimming meet. Tennis and badminton tournaments will also be organized and these will be followed by two track meets. The first of these track meets is the C.O.S.S.A. meet for this district, and is a competition between schools. The second is a school meet with competition between house leagues. This meet is climaxed by the Athletic Banquet in which the individual awards are presented as well as the champion house league being announced.

We consider that we have had and are looking forward to a very successful year in the way of girls' sports. There has been interest and participation by everyone this year which has helped to make us proud, and we would like to thank everybody for making the year eventful.

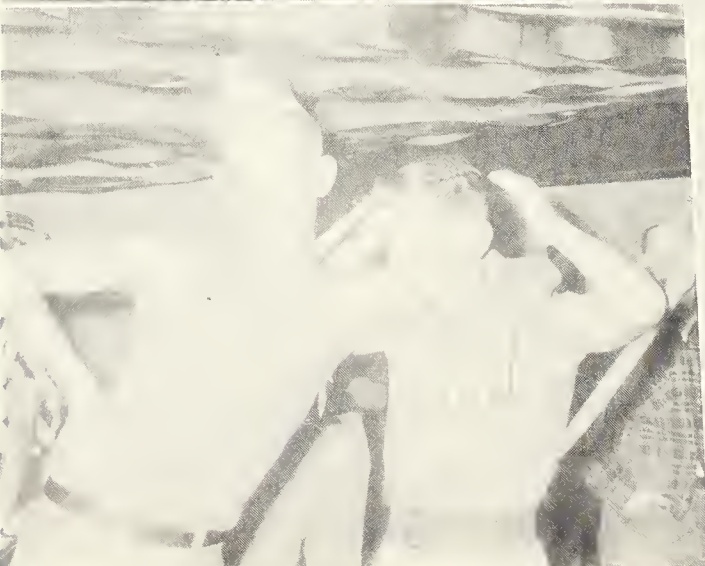
Frances Sault.



CHEERLEADERS

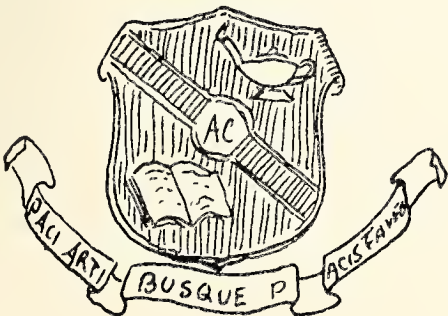
—Photo by McCormick

FRONT ROW: Barb Warren, Sheila Bell, Liz Beggs. BACK ROW: Delois Kirkwood, Gail Wright, Carol Crawford.





# Exchange



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## Alibi Exchanges

During the year, exchange of year books has been carried out with many schools. From these, as well as from the editors' letters, helpful comments were received. The benefits of an exchange system are the promotion of new ideas for our own magazine and the offering of helpful criticism to those of other schools. Appraisals and suggestions of the publications have been sent to the various staffs. In this section is found a list of this year's exchanges and a few excerpts taken from the magazines. Many thanks and best wishes to the staffs of all our exchanges.

—Don Wylie, Exchange Editor

The REVIEW — St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario.  
 The TWIG — University of Toronto Schools, Toronto, Ontario.  
 The COLLEGE TIMES — Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.  
 The EAGLE — St. John's Ravenscourt School, Fort Gary, Manitoba.  
 The TALLOW DIP — Netherwood School, Rothesay, New Brunswick.  
 The ACTA RIDLEIANA — Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ontario.  
 The ANNUAL — Regiopolis College, Kingston, Ontario.  
 The ECHOES — P. C. V. S., Peterborough, Ontario.  
 The PER ANNOS — King's Hall, Compton, Quebec.  
 The ELEVATOR — B. C. I. V. S., Belleville, Ontario.  
 LE RACONTEUR — Westdale Secondary School, Hamilton, Ontario.  
 The QUILL — Brampton District High School, Brampton, Ontario.  
 The VOYAGEUR — Pickering College, Newmarket, Ontario.  
 The PEPTIMIST — Mimico High School, Mimico, Ontario.  
 The SCREECH OWL — Bowmanville High School, Bowmanville, Ontario.  
 The ALMAFILIAN — Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario.  
 The AD ASTRA ANNUAL — S. C. I. T. S., Sarnia, Ontario.  
 The PATRICIAN — Patterson Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ontario.  
 The CONGLOMERATE — K. L. C. V. I., Kirkland Lake, Ontario.  
 The TATLER — Lindsay Collegiate Institute, Lindsay, Ontario.  
 The LOG — Pt. Credit High School, Pt. Credit, Ontario.  
 The GRUMBLER — Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate, Kitchener, Ontario.  
 The VOX COLLEGII — Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ontario.

### MY FRIEND

I was alone most of the time; it was quiet day in and day out. Now and then there was the outbreak of a few laughs. These laughs were periodical and meant nothing to me. At first the only joy in life was to look down at a large goldfish aquarium through my front window. Soon, this became just as monotonous as the rest of the artificial things which I had done.

Then, one day, she came into my life. It happened in the morning as I remember it. I was sitting on my bed and saw her reflection in the mirror. She had blue eyes, yes, they were blue, and she had on a white fur coat. She was without a doubt an exquisite creature. She never talked, but sat there taking in everything. I thought she would come back and she did. As regular as clock work she came every day. And every day she would do different things to brighten the day.

I even shared my lunch with her. I enjoyed watching her bite heartily into a big piece of bread and cheese. For almost a year my friend appeared. But, one day, a woman in a white uniform came in and hit my friend with a broom. She killed the only friend I ever had.

You see, my friend was a white rat. And I am insane. I'll never forgive that nasty old nurse. Ha ha ha ha ha ha . . .

—Derry Moore, The Voyageur

### A GOOD SAMARITAN OF MODERN TIMES

One of the greatest injustices of modern times was the execution of Lavrentii Beria.

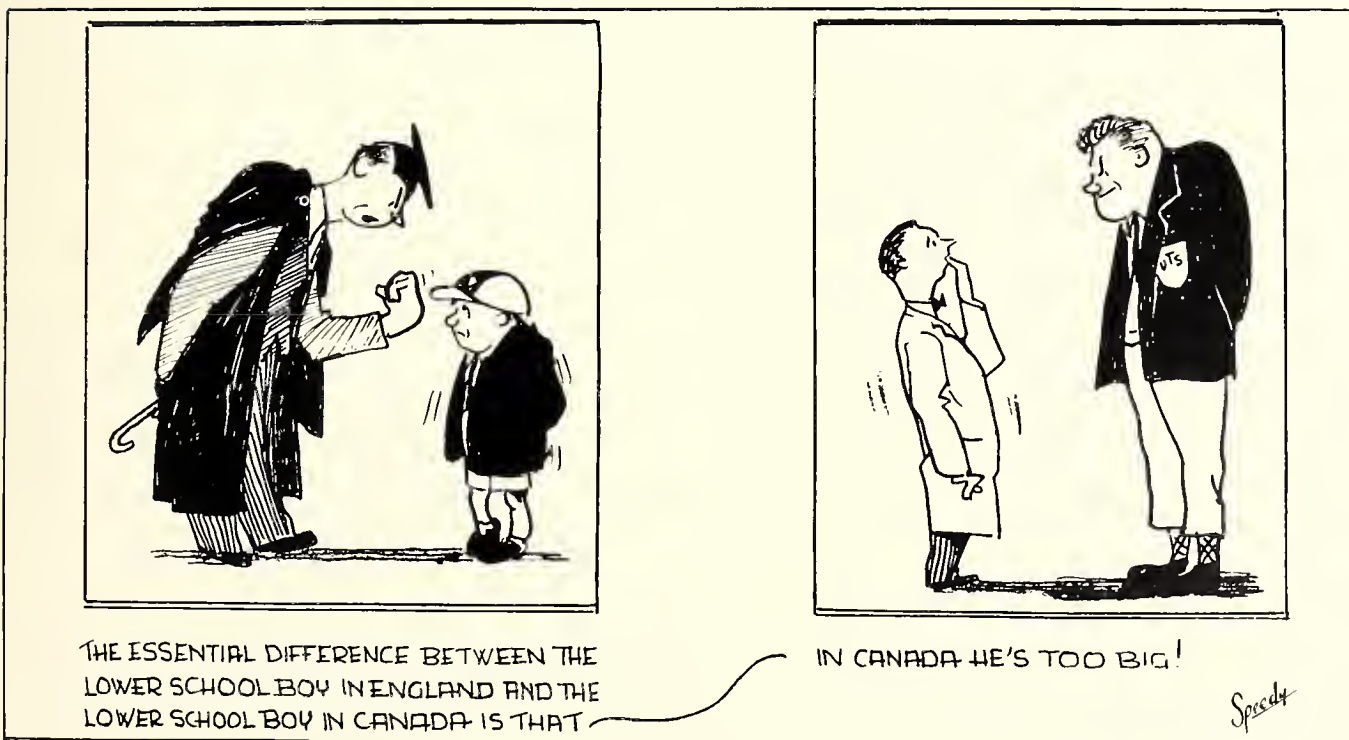
A prejudiced and cold war mistook the actions of a truly great and benevolent man for those of a scoundrel. No other man of the past decade did so much to improve conditions for the masses. In doing this Lavrentii stepped off his paved highway and walked in among the thorns. Perhaps his greatest Christian deed was the shipping of thousands of people to the new housing development in Siberia. Here he arranged for the construction of modern apartments in the bungalow style. They just seem to ramble on and on. Out of consideration for the tenants' eyes he even ordered that no paints other than black, brown, gray, be used in decorating.

The standard of living he created for these people was second to none. How many cities can boast of having a deep freezer for each and every inhabitant? The cost of food up there is almost negligible. In a recent consumer's report it was stated that salt was selling in Siberia for a cost of only thirty-seven cents per hundred weight.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Siberia was the efficient police force that Beria established. The people up there had year round protection from thieves and petty criminals. They were even protected from themselves. The police force gave the occupants of Siberia a feeling of security that was lacking in most communities. The greatest job of the police was preventing labourers from other settlements from coming into the town. This situation was comparable to the Wetback situation in the United States of America.

Although Siberia exhibited to the best advantage the typical benevolence of Beria, he was also responsible for many other fine works throughout the country. Here too he organized a police force that gave the people a feeling of security and protection. In spite of all his fine works Lavrentii had enemies. These enemies were few but powerful and they sowed seeds of distrust into the masses' ears. As a result Lavrentii was purged and the world lost a truly great and modern Samaritan.

—Robert Richards, The College Times



—The Twig

### TRAIL CAMP

The wind gently fanning a low fire  
 The dogs contented, sleeping  
 A full pack of fur.  
 Still silence  
 Many miles from home,  
 But also many miles from worries.  
 This is the trail camp.  
 The wind whistling through the willows,  
 The dogs hungry, restless.  
 The traps empty.  
 Biting blizzards,  
 Many miles from home,  
 Many miles of toil and hardship.  
 This is the trail camp.  
 A friend, a haven in the night,  
 Or an unwalled prison in the day.  
 A two-faced being  
 Just beyond the afternoon.  
 But tonight I shall find peace  
 At my trail camp.

—Greenwood, The Acta Ridleiana

### PORTRAIT OF A WESTERN VALLEY

The echoing cry of a kingfisher rang out across a grassy plain that glistened with dew; tall blue green grass, dancing and waving in an early morning breeze, stretched eternally to the east. A wood clothed in green lay in the distance—a haven for wildlife—beyond which the vegetation thinned where the mountains lifted clear of the forest. The mist clung to the rugged peaks allowing only traces of the rising sun to turn the hillside into a vivid purple hue. As the kingfisher cried out again, the sun broke through the clouds, flooding the valley with light.

—Hyndman, The Review

I'm off girls, they cheat and lie,  
 They prey on us men till the day we die;  
 They tease and torment, and drive us to sin;  
 Say, who is that blonde that just walked in?

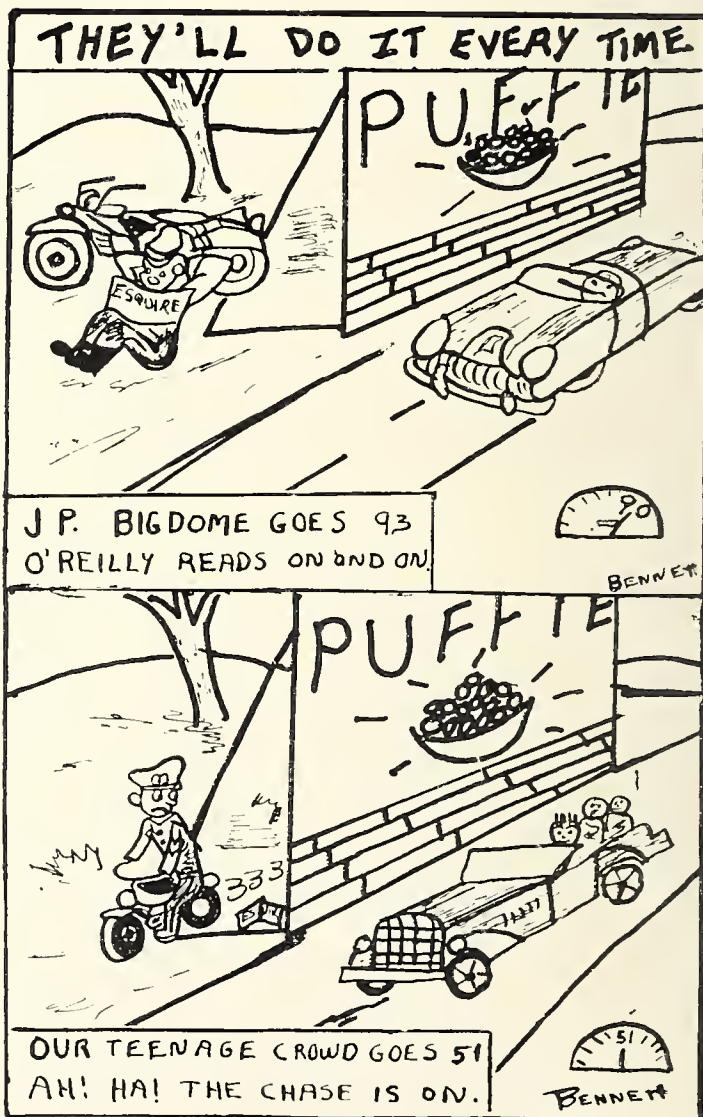
—10B, The Screech Owl

### DE OLE HOMESTEAD

She's All Right

De thirteen of us, we live up dere—  
 Miss Palin, she live 'way down de stair,  
 She's a good sport and she don't care  
 If we make de heck of a noise up dere.  
 De bell she ring at early seven  
 Just when we thinks we are in heaven.  
 The girls they lie in bed so still  
 Dreaming of dem boys upon de hill.  
 They jumps up when at last they hear  
 The train whistle blowin' clear  
 De girls they know it's time to scurry  
 And down de stairs they pile in a hurry.  
 To dis place we bid adieu  
 Until de noon mail comes a'through  
 All de letters are read aloud.  
 To dis great big clamoring crowd.  
 Then not until nine do we go back dere  
 When in de fun each has her share  
 The water, she flies here and there—  
 If we get wet, we don't give a care.  
 Ten o'clock she rolls round so fast  
 Miss Palin she tucks us in at last  
 We makes a noise when she's out of sight—  
 But to us, de ole homestead, she's all right.

—Champ & Hamilton, The Tallow Dip



—The Elevator

A Driver's Ambition

Haze and fumes and screeching brakes and honking horns,  
 And up ahead, among the turmoil  
 A green light.  
 Furious, fierce and careless drivers swerve in and out and curse at one another.  
 All aiming to accomplish one great feat;  
 To beat the light.

Fast yet speedless, they wheel on with seething fierceness,  
 Fearful lest they be too late  
 To beat the light.  
 Only a few car-lengths to go,  
 A few short pauses, then one mad rush to be there first,  
 All striving for that objective ahead;  
 The green light.

The angered striving mob grows frenzied,  
 The light turns yellow.  
 Another thirty seconds pass before they clash again  
 To gain their end;  
 To beat the light.

—Cooke, *The Twig*

Two little ants were sitting on top of a cracker box when all of a sudden, one started racing frantically along the edge. The other ant asked why he was running and the reply was "Can't you read that sign on the lid. It says, "To open, tear along the dotted line."

—The Almafilian

Teacher: "Johnny, in which battle did General Wolfe say 'Now I die happily?'"  
 Johnny: "His last one."

—The Quill

THE COMPARISON

A millionaire is like a king,  
 A brand new car, a diamond ring.  
 Eats caviar and pigeon breasts,  
 But when night comes, he gets no rest.

Whereas a hobo, just rides the freights,  
 He travels far but gets no place.  
 And for his food eats mostly stew,  
 But settles down to a sleep most true.

Now of the two, I take the tramp,  
 He eats his food, but gets no cramp.  
 He travels far, is worldly wise,  
 And worries not just where he dies.

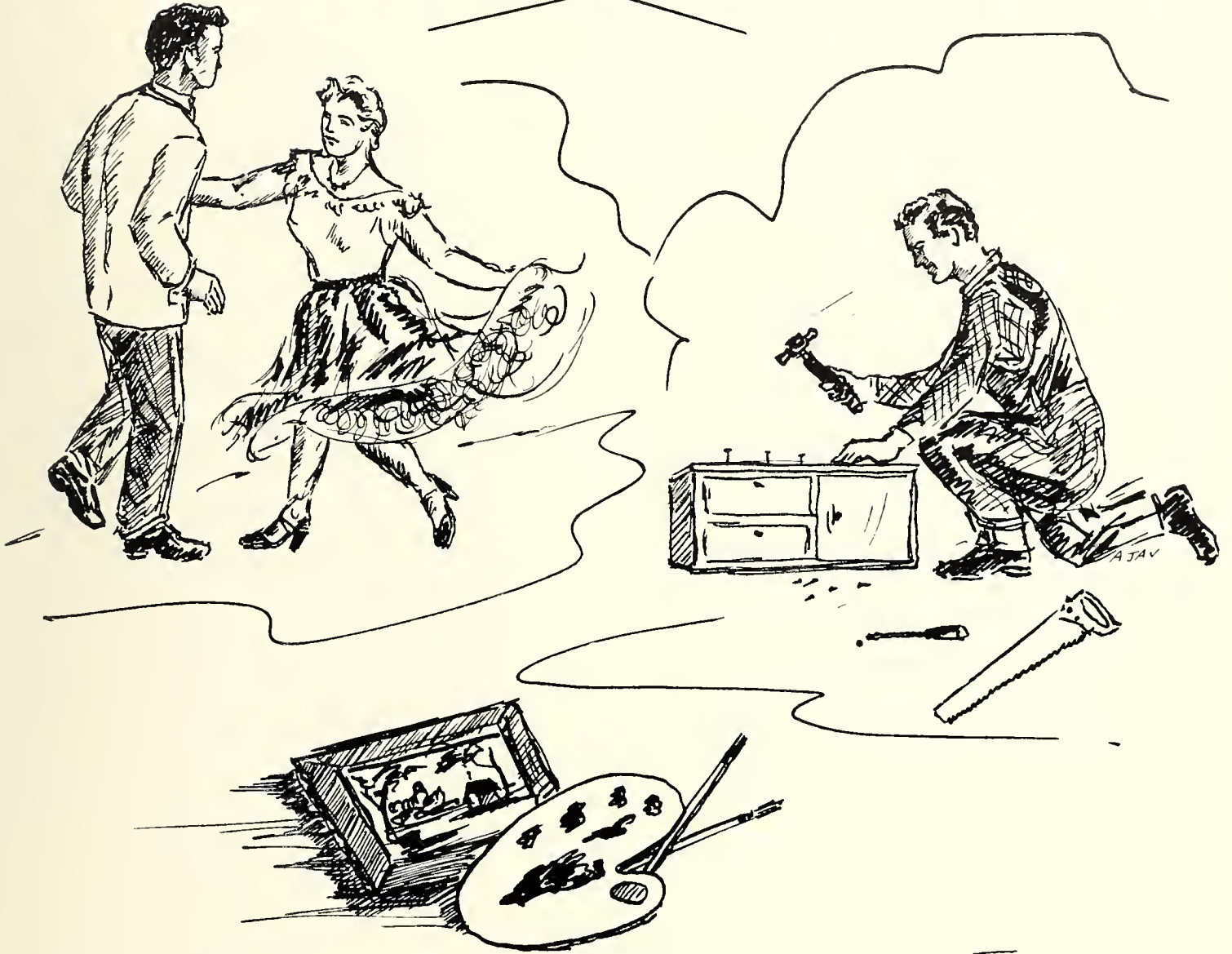
—Ellen Spice, *The Ad Astra Annual*

**Best Dance**

—The Echoes



# Activities



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## Social News

The 1955-56 social season got off to a good start with the "get acquainted" dance under the direction of Mr. Beach, Mr. MacKay, and other members of the faculty. Old friendships were renewed and new ones formed, all in the best Albert College tradition.

The Thanksgiving holiday season was celebrated by a novelty dance called the "Sock-Hop." Sports clothes without shoes were the order of the day. The committee in large went all out for new records which added the final touch to a successful party.

Proper tribute was paid to the spirit of Hallowe'en when the decorating committee transformed the gymnasium into a domain for ghosts, goblins, and witches. Shrieks and screams were heard from the ghost walk, while Miss Tuite calmly told fortunes for all who were brave enough to listen. Music, dancing, and refreshments completed the entertainment, but it was several days before order was restored on the campus. We think our friends from B.C.I.V.S. and Quinte paid us a ghostly visit, for what else can explain the Manor sign being found in the Boys' locker room at Quinte S.S.

In November, a small dance was held in Ackerman Hall. No doubt the press of studies kept many away, but all in attendance agreed that they had a very gay evening.

The high light of the social season came just before the Christmas holidays, in the form of the Christmas Formal. Music was provided by the Commodores, who were up to their usual standard. The dining hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, due to the combined efforts of students and faculty.



The right answer to the question "are you Mr. and Miss Albert College, King and Queen of the Christmas dance?" won "Budgie" Budgell and Frances Sault a prize when they put the query to Pat Warren and Jim Croll, King and Queen for the evening. Marg Stevens and Bob McCuaig won the spot dance. We feel that this year's formal will be a criterion for all future Christmas dances.

The Second event of the Christmas season was the Banquet which opened with the Boar's Head Carol sung by Mr. MacKay and the waiters. The girls were beautiful in their colorful formal dresses, and the boys were "smart" in their formal school uniforms. The traditional Christmas dinner, prepared and served under the supervision of Mr. Brown, was greatly enjoyed by all students and guests, among whom were members of the Board of Governors. The Christmas message was given by Mr. MacKenzie, and a carol sing-song was led by Noel Dudley assisted by Margie Scott at the piano.

Following the Banquet, the very beautiful Christmas Pageant was presented in the chapel. The never-to-be-forgotten pageant was a fitting close to the Christmas Social season, and gave us all a real inspiration to take home for the holidays.

Our thanks to Carol Crawford, Bob Rupert, and their committees for many happy hours of social enjoyment.



# Literary Nights

Lit Nights ran the gamut for a Court Night with "Judge" Doug Boylan dispensing justice, to stark dramas presented by the Drama Club. But whether it was John Rogers, counsel for the defense, arguing on behalf of his clients, or nominees for the Students' Council electioneering, we all vote 1955-56 Lit Nights a new high in entertainment.



Some of the talent we enjoyed from the College included Roy Turnbull, with his sax and clarinet; sweet tunes by Albert Cann at the piano; the "bebop kid" Noel Dudley; Olaf Monson and his piano accordion; and those four mysterious gentlemen in hats. (Any bets on who they were?) Mr. Mackay showed coloured slides of last year's New York trip and other special events at Albert 1954-55.

Several guests entertained us during the season, and gave lit nights a professional air.

There was Doug Aseltine from B.C.I. with his impersonations of Spike Jones. We are not surprised to hear that Doug is now with the Commodores.

Mr. Alec Gordon, organist at Bridge Street United Church, with his story of the man who knew only one tune, proved to be a one-man show.

Then there was that special Wednesday night when Rev. Daniel, minister of the Baptist Church in Belleville, came to us with his inspiring talk on the origin of negro spirituals. Mr. Daniel illustrated this subject by showing us how negro spirituals should be sung. Note to future Lit night committees: This programme should be a repeat.

While the choir visited Kingston, a dance was held in the boys' common room for those who stayed at home, and a lunch was served.

Editor's note: Noel Dudley wishes to thank his committee, Barb Smith, Evangeline Reilly and Jim Baker, for their co-operation in making these Lit nights a success. Frances Mowat sends similar greetings to her committee, and we all want to say a very special thany you to Mr. Irwin and Mr. MacKay for their help.

Judy Thackeray

## New York Trip

Amid snowflurries, we set forth for New York. Song-filled the bus until Ivy Lea. Safely through customs, all thirty-five members of the tour looked forward to lunch in Watertown. After another short stop at Utica, time passed quickly, and soon the lights of New York greeted us. The first view of the Great White Way left us partially stunned, and by the time we had recovered we had reached our destinations, Tatham House "Y" for the girls, and Sloane House "Y" for the boys. With the exception of a few adventurers, we hit the sack early.

Saturday morning greeted with rain, we set forth to shop and explore, meeting at Sloane House for Dinner, and from there on to Radio City Music Hall. With awe, we watched the "Rockettes," a few musical numbers and the movie "Picnic." Crossing the street, we entered the R.C.A. building, taking a guided tour which proved interesting as well as amusing at times. On Saturday night, we went our separate ways, some to the opera, some to Carnegie Hall, and the rest to various shows. Nearly everyone took a stroll down Broadway before retiring. Incidentally, we were allowed to stay out until 3:30 A.M., but few took advantage of it.

Sunday morning, we awake with the sun shining brightly. After a hurried breakfast, we boarded the Subway which whisked us up to Riverside Church. Following the service, many of the students took advantage of the beautiful view from the top of the bell tower. The afternoon was spent in getting acquainted with the city. On Sunday evening, we visited the Hayden Planetarium, an interesting and unusual experience not soon forgotten.

On Monday, we visited the United Nations, taking a tour of the different chambers, after which we had an informal discussion with Mr. Malania, a member of the Secretariat from Canada. After dinner in the delegates' dining room, we sat in on a lecture on the workings of the U.N. followed by a meeting of Trusteeship council.



In the evening, we attended "Cinerama." Tuesday morning, we met with members of the permanent Canadian delegation to the U.N., leaving the afternoon free for shopping. We spent our last night in New York at a play called "The Lark," which was enjoyed by all.

At 11 A.M., we left New York, without Barbara Goddard who unfortunately became ill with the measles late Saturday afternoon. We ate lunch as we travelled along, stopping at Watertown for supper. Shortly before mid-night, we arrived back at Albert College, ending a trip which was truly educational and enjoyable.

Barbara Smith

## The Choir

Our choir reached a new high this year by appearing on T.V. over C.K.W.S. in Kingston. This, plus a weekend in Renfrew and a weekend in Toronto, has done much to favourably publicize the choir during the Centennial Campaign. The Choir is very popular in Belleville, having sung in many of the local churches. All these are "specials", but the primary function of the choir is to lead in the musical part of all Sunday evening Chapel services. This all does not just happen, but requires constant and faithful practice, for which the members, Mr. MacKay (our leader) and Mr. Hoare (the organist) are to be commended.



THE CHOIR

—Photo by McCormick

BACK ROW: (left to right) Don McIver, Ray Turnbull, Doug Boylan, C. M. Irwin, D. W. Hoare, Joe Edwards, Barry Campbell, Ron Purser, Ted Lisk.

FOURTH ROW: (left to right) Gord Mylks, Noel Dudley.

THIRD ROW: (left to right) Wayman Sole, Liz Beggs, Gayle Wilson, Carol Crawford, Jean Mitchell, Marg Stevens, Ann Craib, Alison Whyte, Lansing Affleck.

SECOND ROW: (left to right) Norah Campbell, Peggy Lisk, Peggy Meisner, Carol Rowe, Mrs. Irwin, Miss McDougal, Kathy Sault, Deanna Hudgin, Denise Field.

FRONT ROW: (left to right) Betty Jean Easterbrook, Barbara Smith, Judy Larson, Betty Anne Butterfield, Germaine Tucker, Erna Stevens, Curtaline Gilbert, J. H. MacKay.

## Students' Council 1955-56

What is the Students' Council? It is a group of ten members elected from the student body, by the student body to oversee, to authorize, to suggest, to criticize and to organize the activities of the students both individually and collectively.

On September thirteenth, the First Term Students' Council held its first meeting. Since then they have accomplished a great deal of positive efforts. Many thought that, like oil and water, television Albert College would not mix but the boys now have a Westinghouse twenty-one inch set in their common room. A very instructive tour of the Ontario School for the Deaf was held and much insight into the lives and learning methods of our neighbours was to be had. Commencing December first and bi-monthly "Alibi-ette" became student-published. A boy-girl common room was set-up in which couples could meet legally under the school regulations.

After having such active interest and co-operation on the part of the student body during the first term, it was rather disappointing when in the second term elections nearly all of the fifty-six nominees withdrew. True, some had other positions and some had heavy-time tables but the vast majority were just shirking their duty. Another reason would be those feeble-minded few to whom the "Alibi-ette" refers in the following quote "There are too many publicity seekers making ridiculous nominations . . ." The matter then brought about the withdrawal of the Constitution by the Senate until such time as the principal and president had chosen the Second Term Students' Council from those willing to take office. "To put it mildly, the election for the second term Students' Council was a farce," states the "Alibi-ette."

Congratulations and thanks to everyone who has served on the Councils this year. A special thanks to Douglas Bruce Boylan who has worked hard as president of both Councils.



*First Term*

—Photo by McCormick

President  
 1st Vice President  
 2nd Vice President  
 Secretary  
 Treasurer  
 Director of Religious Education  
 Literary Director  
 Social Director  
 Girls' Athletics  
 Boys' Athletics

**FIRST TERM**  
 Douglas Boylan  
 B. A. Butterfield  
 Steve Safe  
 Gary Franklin  
 Bob McCuaig  
 Jack Wakabayashi  
 Noel Dudley  
 Carol Crawford  
 Curtalene Gilbert  
 Bob Rupert

**SECOND TERM**  
 Doug Boylan  
 Kathy Sault  
 Paul Ancel  
 Barb Goddard  
 Bruce Gerow  
 Jim Earle  
 Fran Mowat  
 Bob Rupert  
 Marg Stevens  
 Jerry Lake



—Photo by McCormick

*Second Term*

## The Candidates for the Ministry

It has been said that when two Christians get together, three opinions are expressed. This may account for the excessive noise you hear coming from Room C any Wednesday afternoon. . . .

At this time, the eight candidates for the ministry meet with Mr. MacKenzie to discuss church structure, scripture interpretation, and any other controversial or interesting subjects pertaining to the seeking of Truth.

The meetings opened with a prayer by Mr. MacKenzie. During the year we practised public speaking, making use of the school tape recorder. For a few afternoons, we studied the booklet "What's the Difference?" by Dr. Reynolds, explaining the basic differences between the Protestant and Roman Catholic faiths. Lectures were by Mr. MacKenzie on the structure of the church, preparing a service, and Home Mission work. The latter part of the meetings were usually thrown open to discussion of any religious topic. Two of the more interesting subjects under discussion were sin, and salvation. We seldom agreed with each other in these discussions, but we all learned a little.

These meetings have been open to any student, and we have had the pleasure of many who "just popped in to see if you have an answer to this one." Mr. Park, of the school staff, was one of our honoured guests for many meetings, and with his excellent background in Philosophy and English, he kept us on our toes giving clear, concise answers to clear, concise questions. Pat Smith appears to be our first regular female member, and we look for more girls to join us in the balance of the year. It is interesting to hear a woman's point of view among so many male opinions.

Candidates from the class had busy weekends throughout the year taking Saturday morning chapel services at the school, as well as assisting the ministers of the three local United Churches with Sunday morning service.



-Photo by McCormick

(Left to right): George Southall, Norm Jarvis, Bill Baxter, Jim Croll, Rev. A. E. MacKenzie, Jim Earle, Jack Wakabayashi, Bill Whitly, Ray Turnbull.

One of the high points of our year was the visit of a group of theology students from Queen's University. They conducted a very memorable Sunday evening chapel service, and afterwards we all spent a pleasant few hours over coffee at the MacKenzie home. The songs and laughter truly brought to us all the joy of Christian fellowship. At the time of writing, the group is working hard as we approach our "Religion in Life Weeknd" at A.C. We pray at this time many will come to know Christ, and what He really stands for.

Our sincere thanks go out to Rev. MacKenzie for his kindness and assistance throughout the year.

George Southall





—Photo by McCormick

FRONT ROW: (left to right) Peggy Meisner, Liz Beggs, Sheila Bell, Amie Ing.  
 MIDDLE ROW: (left to right) Steve Safe, Stuart Kaye, Gavin Boulton, Ted Gow.  
 BACK ROW: (left to right) Bob McCuaig, Don Osborne, Don MacKenzie, Bob Rupert (editor).

## Alibi-Ette—“The Students’ Publication”

In late November of 1955, the Alibi-ette became a student publication for the first time in a number of years. The staff is composed of twelve, hard-working enthusiasts who are making their first venture into the newspaper world. Stuart Kaye is vice-editor and author of “Albert Analysis,” a column which treats topics of current interest in the unique Kaye fashion. Peggy Meisner is the social editor who has faithfully attended all social functions and reported on them in a very capable manner. And now we will establish the here-to-fore secret identity of Puella Larsons, Albert’s infamous gossip columnist. She is none other than Albert’s own Liz Beggs, and she has treated this ticklish subject in a very efficient and humorous manner. Word has it that this young lady has retired to live off a fabulous fortune acquired in the collecting of bribe money. Donald MacKenzie and Donald Osborne, editors of “Around A.C.,” have handled the reporting of school news despite other heavy commitments around the school. The sports staff is composed of Bob McCuaig, Steve Safe, and Sheila Bell. Theirs has been one of the more difficult tasks pertaining to the Alibi-ette, but they have treated the problem expertly. A late addition to the staff was Judy Thackeray, Student Council reporter. Since Judy is also on the Alibi staff, her’s has been a major contribution to both of the school publications. One of the feature columns of the paper is the “Mushrat Informer,” a column in which Amie Ing treats world events with a fresh and inspired approach. “Gow’s Gassers” have provided many a chuckle for the readers of the Alibi-ette. The artistic talents of Gavin Boulton have been put to good use in the laying out of pictorial advertising. I am the editor.

Bob Rupert



On Wednesday, June 15, 1955, Miss Lois Harpell and Mr. Douglas Hoare were married in Albert College Memorial Chapel. Rev. Rupert Walsh, Brockville, was the officiating clergyman, assisted by Rev. Andrew MacKenzie.

After the ceremony, the young couple were driven around the college campus in a 1929 Hudson car which had no gas tank and could only run on one cup of gas in the carburetor . . . a prank carried out by the students of Grade XIII.

Following the reception at Maple Inn, Bloomfield, the bride and groom left on an extended trip which took them through the province of Quebec, the Adirondack Mountains in New York State, across Lake Champlaine into Vermont. In Vermont, they drove to the top of Mount Mansfield, the highest peak in the Eastern U. S.

On Monday, June 20th, the six day honeymoon came to a close. At 3:30 A.M. the newlyweds left for Toronto, where Mr. Hoare was to begin a 10 week summer course for Ontario Secondary Schools Teachers.

After ten long weeks in the Toronto heat, Mr. and Mrs. Hoare retired to a summer cottage to rest before the reopening of school. But Mr. Hoare is one of the many unfortunate sufferers of hay-fever and the proposed one week's rest turned into a one day dilemma.

Therefore, the young couple returned to Albert College to take up residence in apartment No. 2 at the east end of Graham Hall. Mr. Hoare continued to teach the Romance languages and Mrs. Hoare continued as office secretary.

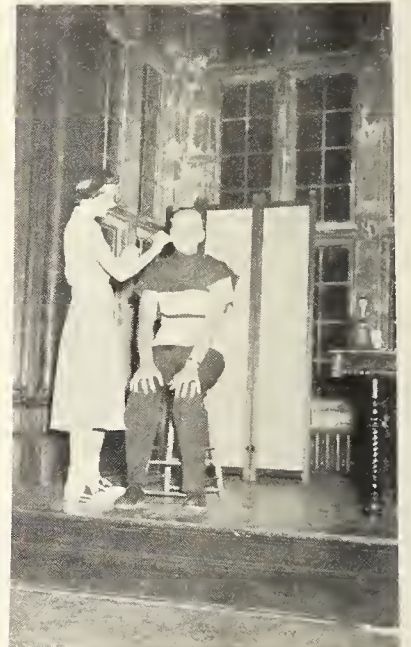
In closing, we of first flat wish to thank you Mr. and Mrs. Hoare, for your kind consideration and understanding of our noise in residence. Your presence has added much to life on first flat and all of us here at Albert wish you the best in the coming years.



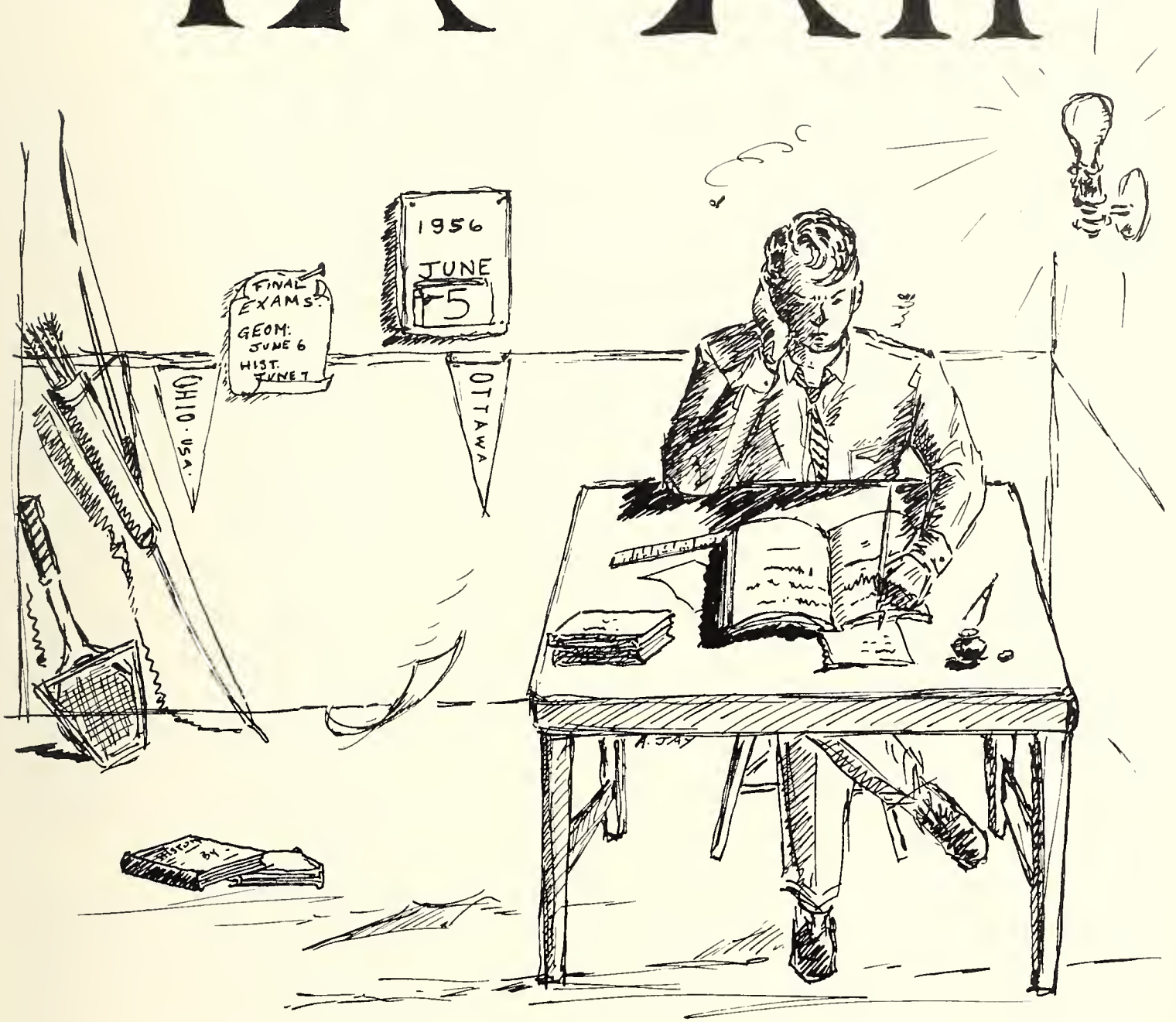


**The  
Year  
in  
Brief**

- Mon. Sept. 12 — Students arrive; registration; time-table, etc.  
 Thu. Sept. 15 — Morning Run (5 a.m.); initiation uniform  
 Sat. Sept. 17 — Get-acquainted party  
 Wed. Sept. 21 — Court Night  
 Thu. Sept. 29 — First Term Students Council elected  
 Wed. Oct. 5 — B. C. I. vs. Albert Srs.  
 Thu. Oct. 6 — St. Mikes vs. Albert Jrs.  
     — First Fall Convocation — Dr. Elias Andrews  
 Fri. Oct. 7 — Thanksgiving Holiday  
 Sat. Oct. 15 — Kingston Trip: Queens beat Western  
     — Sock Hop in Dining Hall  
 Wed. Oct. 19 — Rev. L. K. Daniel—Negro spirituals  
 Sun. Oct. 23. — Dr. John Garden — Chapel and coloured slides  
 Wed. Oct. 26 — Doug Aseltine — remember "My Old Flame"  
 Sat. Oct. 29 — Senior (??) Rugby & cheerleaders to Ashbury  
 Mon. Oct. 31 — Hallowe'en Party — Masquerade, dance, ghost walk  
 Wed. Nov. 2 — Girls Volleyball Tournament at O. S. D.  
 Sun. Nov. 6 — Rev. Bruce Gray D.D. — Chapel  
     — Choir sang on "Sunday Sanctuary" CJBQ  
 Wed. Nov. 9 — Tour of Ontario School for the Deaf  
     — Alec Gardon entertained — piano, organ, jokes  
 Fri. Nov. 11 — Remembrance Day — R.C.A.F. Chaplain Philip Ross  
 Sun. Nov. 13 — Choir to Renfrew  
     — Rev. Peter Gordon White — Chapel  
 Wed. Nov. 16 — Bowling — Students vs. Faculty  
 Fri. Nov. 18 — Boy — Girl Common Room  
 Sat. Nov. 19 — Dance in Dining Hall  
 Tue. Nov. 22 — Maj. Smith, International Evangelist — Salvation Army  
     — Westinghouse "21" installed in boys common room  
 Sat. Nov. 26 — Miss Millicent Howse, U. C. Missionary to Africa  
     — Gray Cup — Edmonton 34 — Montreal 19  
 Sun. Nov. 27 — Queen's Theological Students — Chapel  
 Thu. Dec. 1 — First issue of student published "Alibi-ette"  
     — Christmas Formal in Ackerman Hall — Commodores  
 Sun. Dec. 4 — New projector and screen used for first time  
 Wed. Dec. 7 — Basketball season opens — Trenton vs. Albert  
 Sun. Dec. 11 — Christmas Communion Service — Rev. A. E. MacKenzie  
 Thu. Dec. 15 — Christmas Banquet; Christmas Gift — \$177.50  
     — Christmas Pageant; Closing common room parties  
 Fri. Dec. 16 — Christmas Holidays  
 Sat. Jan. 7 — Dance in Dining Hall  
 Sun. Jan. 22 — Choir and Student Body at St. Andrew's Presbyterian  
 Wed. Jan. 25 — Second Term Students Council Inaugurated  
 Sat. Jan. 28 — 6 lb. 7 oz. "Virginia Lynn" born to Clem and wife  
     — Skating Party at Marmora; Dance in Dining Hall  
 Mon. Jan. 30 — Table Tennis Championship Tournament begins  
 Sun. Feb. 5 — Choir at Royal York Road & New Beach Churches, Toronto  
 Wed. Feb. 8 — "Albert College Echoes" — Choir program CKWS-TV  
 Thu. Feb. 9 — Royal Conservatory and Music Exams begins at Manor  
 Sat. Feb. 11 — "At Home" Formal in Ackerman Hall  
 Fri. Feb. 17 — Long Weekend; 37 students to New York City  
 Sat. Feb. 25 — Sadie Hawkins Day  
 Fri. March 2 — "Religion In Life" Weekend  
 Sat. Mar. 10 — COSSA Basketball Tournament, Toronto  
 Sun. Mar. 25 — Easter Communion Service — Rev. A. E. MacKenzie  
 Wed. Mar. 28 — Easter Holidays  
 Sun. Apr. 29 — Dr. F. W. Banister, Kingston — Chapel  
 Wed. May 2 — Choss Country Run  
 Sat. May 12 — Bay of Quinte COSSA Track and Field Meet at A. C.  
 Fri. May 19 — Alumni Weekend  
 Mon. May 21 — Albert College Track and Field Meet  
     — Athletic Banquet  
 Fri. June 1 — Grad Banquet  
 Sat. June 2 — Grad Dance  
 Sun. June 3 — Baccalaureate Service — Rev. E. E. Long, Toronto,  
     and Lieutenant Governor Breithaupt  
 Mon. June 4 — Convocation — Professor Hughes, Montreal  
     — Farewells except for Grade XIII Departmentals



# IX-XII



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Cedric Anderson, or "Cecilia," is from GERALTON, Ontario. He has a very common desire; to be a millionaire.



Bob Bartlett has several nicknames, but we'll call him "Robbie." He comes from Brampton and he wants to be a doctor.



Doug "Frenchy" Buchanan arrived just after the Thanksgiving holidays. He comes to us from Windsor and wants to become a mechanical engineer.



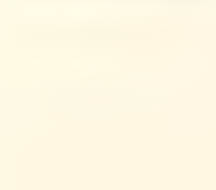
Doug Calder, "the Bird," comes to us from St. Catherines. He doesn't know what he wants to be, and neither do we.



Guy Cummins, called "Foxy" at school, is from scenic Manitoulin Island. His ambition is to follow his father and become a hotel manager.



Betty Jean Easterbrook is from Erinsville, Ontario. Her desire is to become, of all things, a teacher. She is known as "Freckles" around the school.



Peter Diehl: Peter is the Big Deal from Willowdale, about the biggest one they have, I suppose.



Barry Hart, "The Duke," comes from Frankfort, Ontario, which makes him a Frankforter. Get it? He plans to be a business man.



Leonard Lane is from the thriving municipality of Mimico. He wants to be a mechanical engineer.



Virginia "Gini" Kee comes to us from Kitchener. Her ambition is to become a social worker of some kind with psychiatry in the lead.



Dave Heming is a very ambitious young man. He wants to be a worker. We call him "Hap" and his hometown is Hamilton.

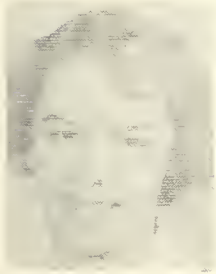


Donna May lives at 58 Highland although her home is around this district. We call her "Li'l Austin" and she wants to become a nurse.



Olaf Monson, "Olie," is from St. Catherines. He goes rather crazy over jazz. He's "that guy that plays the accordion." His ambition is to be an electrical engineer.

John Morse, "Wally," is from Kingston. He says he wants to live to be the oldest man on earth, and as he wants to be a doctor, he might make it.



Joan MacKenzie, or "Slippery" as she is called, is one of our loyal biographers. Her "castle in Spain" is to fly around the world.

Bev "Rocky" McCuaig has for her ambition something quite natural. A certain guy. The far northern town of Heron Bay, Ontario, is her home.



John "Toscanini" McEachern is another of these Frankforters. He wishes to become a mechanical engineer.

Tommy McMullen is a Belleville fan, having lived here all his life. He is known as "Tommy Test-tube." He wants to be a retired man.



Gus Poulos was born in Greece, and now lives in Cobourg. "Wicker" is his nickname. He wants to be a restaurant manager.

Another person from Kitchener is Doug Robertson. The name we use for him is "Willy" and he has a very good goal set. He wants to get a scholarship.



Carolyn Rowe, or, as she is called around here, "Horse," is from Blenheim in the county of Kent — Ontario, that is. Her dream is to become a nurse.

Louis Simard is from the city of Quebec. We call her "Frenchy" and her present ambition is to learn English. Incidentally she is doing very well at it.



Ray Taylor or "Blimey" as we call him, is from the local district, and has lived in England. Since he is a good musician on the violin and piano, he wants to be a fiddler.

Bob Walks, "Walks," is another riot from Brazil. He wants to be an engineer, civil (let's hope) or electronical.



Name - John Hitchen  
 Nickname—Cuban  
 Pet Peeve—French class  
 Ambition—Play for N. Y. Yankees  
 Probable Fate—Water boy for Brooklyn Dodgers  
 Favourite Expression—“You don’t say!”



Name—Paul Leman  
 Nickname—Sexy  
 Pet Peeve—Sexy flirt Yanover???  
 Ambition—To have sex discussed openly



Name—Donald Brown  
 Nickname—Mac.  
 Pet Peeve—Jerry Allen  
 Ambition—To attend O.A.C.  
 Probable Fate—An educated farmer.  
 Favourite Expression—“Bull roar”



Name Darle Reid  
 Nickname—Scab  
 Pet Peeve—Mrs. Gillis and a snoring roommate  
 Ambition—Apple tester  
 Probable Fate—Scab eater  
 Favourite Expression—“Oh, these scabs are good!”



Name—Douglas Crews  
 Nickname—Small Change  
 Pet Peeve—New Rules of Albert College  
 Ambition—Lawyer  
 Probable Fate—Farmer  
 Favourite Expression—“We’ll see about this!”



Name Gary Fuller  
 Nickname—Dud  
 Pe Peeve—Albert College Toast  
 Ambition—Golf Pro  
 Probable Fate—Caddie  
 Favourite Expression—“Oh, Hark!”



Name—Gavin Boulton  
 Nickname—Dad  
 Pet Peeve—Ping-pong  
 Ambition—To be a prize fighter  
 Probable Fate—Get rich and die young  
 Favourite Expression—“Last year I was conceited”



Name—Ted Lisk  
 Nickname—Buzzer  
 Pet Peeve—Rising bell  
 Ambition—Total intoxication  
 Probable Fate—Ditch digger  
 Favourite Expression—“Yeah, sure!”



Name--Tom Hinchey  
 Nickname—Sir Lunch-a-lot  
 Pet Peeve—Mr. Darby  
 Ambition—Be a teacher  
 Probable Fate—Succeed Mr. Darby  
 Favourite Expression—“Real neat”



Name—Bruce McCuaig  
 Nickname—Bull  
 Pet Peeve—Moose’s right fist  
 Ambition—Repay Moose  
 Probable Fate—Another black-eye  
 Favourite Expression—“Check your bags (I’m a porter)”



Name—Brock Robinson  
 Nickname—Jackie  
 Pet Peeve—T.V. show "People Are Funny"  
 Ambition—Get married  
 Probable Fate—Die the day of matrimony  
 Favourite Expression—"Beat me daddy with a boogie beat!"



Name—Margarita Coling  
 Nickname—Marg  
 Pet Peeve—58 Highland  
 Ambition—Travel all over the world  
 Probable Fate—She'll get around!  
 Favourite Expression—"Is that ever cute!"



Name—Gord Mylks  
 Nickname—Milko  
 Pet Peeve—Study Hall  
 Ambition—Doctor  
 Probable Fate—Cadaver  
 Favourite Expression—"You bet"



Name—Eric Green  
 Nickname—Airwick  
 Pet Peeve—West and Buchanan  
 Ambition—Golf player  
 Probable Fate—Caddie  
 Favourite Expression—"I'll give you three to go to" ??



Name—Denise Field  
 Nickname—Denny  
 Pet Peeve—"Being Called Dennis"  
 Ambition—To Visit Rio  
 Probable Fate—Never leave North America  
 Favourite Expression—"Who me??"



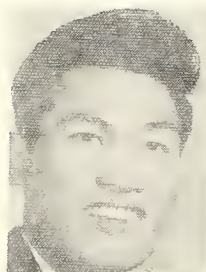
Name—Ward Dawson  
 Nickname—Blondie  
 Pet Peeve—Music  
 Ambition—To be a dentist  
 Probable Fate—Ditch digger  
 Favourite Expression—"Hunky dory"



Name—Danny Kunzli  
 Nickname—Frenchy  
 Pet Peeve—School  
 Ambition—Bachelor  
 Probable Fate—Get married and have ten kids  
 Favourite Expression—"In Quebec . . ."



Name—Kent Gilder  
 Nickname—Gildersleeve  
 Pet Peeve—Crooked pool cues  
 Ambition—Jeweller  
 Probable Fate—Paper Hanger  
 Favourite Expression—"Oh! top hole."



Name—Art Kwong  
 Nickname—Franky  
 Pet Peeve—Mathematiques  
 Ambition—B.M.  
 Probable Fate—B.U.M.  
 Favourite Expression—



Name—Dian Biggings  
 Nickname—Tiny  
 Pet Peeve—Waiting for Bull  
 Ambition—Nurse  
 Probable Fate—Nurses aid  
 Favourite Expression—"How embarrassing!"

好朋友



Name—Ann Craib  
 Nickname—Annabelle  
 Pet Peeve—Monday and Thursday afternoons  
 Ambition—Nurse  
 Probable Fate—Telephone operator  
 Favourite Expression—"Oh, cats!"



Name—Jack Marsh  
 Nickname—Mutt-box  
 Pet Peeve—Plastic airplanes  
 Ambition—To see Buzzby Alley  
 Probable Fate—Ride on a "Bajan" bus  
 Favourite Expression—"Meow"



Name—Terry West  
 Nickname—Scab  
 Pet Peeve—Sister  
 Ambition—To be a mother  
 Probable Fate—Science is wonderful!  
 Favourite Expression—"Cripes!"



Name—John Dever  
 Nickname—Lightning  
 Pet Peeve—Certain teacher  
 Ambition—Fly jets  
 Probable Fate—Inherit \$1,000,000  
 Favourite Expression—"To be or not to be, that is the question."



Name—George Cunningham  
 Nickname—Scits  
 Pet Peeve—Boys in room 47  
 Ambition—To go into business with Dad  
 Probable Fate—To be one of his employees  
 Favourite Expression—"Get out of town"



Name—Jerry Allen  
 Nickname—Jer  
 Pet Peeve—Learning the hard way  
 Ambition—To go to Kingston  
 Probable Fate—Stay at Albert  
 Favourite Expression—"Go to"??



Name—Bev Yanover  
 Nickname—Le Nez  
 Pet Peeve—Noses  
 Ambition—Get a nice nose  
 Probable Fate—Keep the old nose  
 Favourite Expression—"Shut the window, I'm cold!"



Name—Ron Leavoy  
 Nickname—Leavoy  
 Ambition—Join the Navy  
 Probable Fate—Washing a garbage barge  
 Favourite Expression—"Shut up, Liz!"



Name—Elizabeth Brown  
 Nickname—Liz  
 Pet Peeve—58 Highland  
 Ambition—Go bask to Singapore  
 Probable Fate—Supervisor at '58'  
 Favorite Expression—"G'day!"



Name—Lawrence Pratt  
 Nickname—Larry  
 Pet Peeve—Bowlegged women  
 Pet Peeve—Women  
 Ambition—Get out of A.C.  
 Probable Fate—Get kicked out  
 Favourite Expression—"The big one"





Name: LLOYD CAMERON  
 Nickname: Frog  
 Ambition: Big League pitcher  
 Pet Peeve: Supervisors  
 Probable Fate: Bat boy for the Girls' Sunday Morning Bible Class baseball team  
 Favourite Expression: not a word . . .



Name: MARILYN BATEMAN  
 Nickname: Bateman  
 Ambition: George somebody or other  
 Pet Peeve: Yanover  
 Probable Fate: Marry George somebody or other  
 Favourite Expression: Georgie . . .

GRADE XI



Paul Ancel—Paul comes from away down in South America, Talara, Peru, to be exact. "Pablo" plans on becoming a petroleum engineer and no doubt will return to Talara with his degree.

Bill Baxter—The "Son of Dad" claims it's either the ministry or back to commercial travelling. Coming from Toronto, Bill swears there is no better view than from the top of the Bank of Commerce. This may be true; if you can see through the smog.



Dave Brown—Dave, better known as "Brown'd-off" is a day student. In other words, a resident of Belleville. He plans to be a "Priest of the Church." This we would like to see.

Margo Butterfield—generally called "Smoky." She's forever complaining "I can see a chicken tail but how long will it be before I see a pony tail?" Her ambition is to be a secretary. She comes from the sand pile of Talara, Peru.



Barry Campbell—"Soupie" hangs his hat in Peterboro. Barry plans to be a mattress tester, and states he will probably die of sleeping sickness. Perhaps Mr. MacKay will have a cure.

Albert Cann—"Pop" would like to become a musician. Being a resident of Bermuda, who can blame him. It sounds like an interesting occupation; especially in Bermuda.



Carmen Cooper—Generally called "Red." Her favourite expression is "How embarrassing." She hopes to be a private secretary for a young, handsome millionaire. She comes from the cold Northland country of Sudbury.

Walt Dawson—Walt's home-town is Riverside, Ont. "Tex" is not sure of his future, but we bet he would like to teach algebra.



Noel Dudley—Noel, from Bowmanville, Ont., has acquired the nickname of "Dud." If this is a "dud," I would hate to see the real thing. Noel stakes his future on a major in the army.

Gordon Fitch—Gordon, known as "Bullbaby" would like to become a president of a scratchers club. Living in North Bay, we guess he will have to start from scratch.



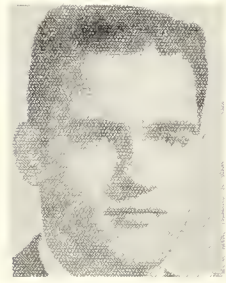
Ted Gow—Ted is an inhabitant of Kingston, Ont. His ambition is to be a judge at a beauty contest. In Kingston, this could be a very dangerous job.



Terry Gray—Terry hopes to become an electrical engineer. Although he lives in Deseronto, 'Pinky' likes to think of Moristown, Tennessee, as his home-town.



Darrell Greenly—Darrell is another one of those "natives" of Peterboro. Affectionately known as "Punk," Darrel has hopes of becoming either a mechanical or civil engineer.



Peter Holland—Peter hails from Montreal. "Dutch" plans on becoming a chemical engineer; or, as he puts it, "marry a million."



Bryan Jay—Bryan came to Albert all the way from Hong Kong, China. "Luigi" has the intention of becoming a surgeon. This is very suitable, since Bryan is quite a "Cut-up."



Leslie Joliffe—Known as "Rusty." Is forever complaining "I wonder what Bob's next scolding will be about." She comes from that crazy mixed up town of Kingston. Her ambition is to be an X-ray Technician.



Bill Johnson—The "Panther" plans to be an insurance agent. It should be a nice job to prowl around with insurance, especially in Chatham, Ont.



Judy Larson—Usually called "Jo." Her ambition is to be a child doctor but will probably end up being a nurses's aid. She lives in the sticks of Hearst (It's in Ontario, if you're stumped).



Jean Mitchell—Called "Mitch" is from that "Great Big Town" of Granby, Que. Her ambition is to be a nurse—Probable fate—emptying bed-pans.



Donald MacIver—Don is one of those northerners, coming from Garson, Ont. "Driver MacIver" has no definite plans for the future. Maybe he would like to be a miner. (Or should that read minor?)



Donald MacKenzie—Don, christened with the nickname of "Rock," is from Pictou, N.S. He hopes to become an "ecclesiastical expert." (Where is that dictionary?)



Jim MacKenzie—Known as "MacKense," Jim is a resident of Belleville. However, this does not stop him from living in residence. Jim's ambition is to play third base for the Cleveland Indians.



Douglas McKenzie—Doug comes from "the center of civilization"—Chippawa, Ont. Although he has no definite ambition, perhaps Doug would like to try Niagara Falls in a barrel.



Niki Patterson (Dig that crazy blonde!)—Generally called "Cow Baby." She lives in the cold north woods of North Bay. She wants to be a Psychiatrist—Probably end up as a fortune teller.



Judson Rae—Jud is a native of Belleville. "Muscles" hopes to be a "cat-caller." The trouble with being a "cat-caller" is that one is apt to "go to the dogs."

Jim Thorn—Jim comes from Belleville. His future is certainly not writing "class biographies." This occupation involves too much danger from angry, dissatisfied, and insulted fellow students.



John Rogers—John is another one from Peterboro. "Gus," as he is known, wishes he had a future. We always thought he did have one with a certain girl.

Evangeline Reilly—Often called "Vange" or "Vaseline" is from the "budding" town of Melrose. Her ambition is to be a doctor's right-hand nurse but will probably end up taking Mrs. Morton's place giving aspirins.



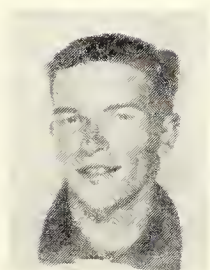
Steve Safe—Steve is known as the "Shiek." Although coming from Belleville, he lives in residence. Steve's ambition is to get a date before Grade 13. We hope Safe finds the right combination.

Mike Saychuk—Mike increases the population of Newmarket, Ont., by one. "Joe" hopes to become an auto mechanic. Who knows? Maybe there will be a new market for auto mechanics.



Judy Thackeray—Sometimes called "Jud" or "Jack." Her favourite expression is "What's that?—Who?" She comes from the town of Waterloo. Her ambition is to be a professional bum. Probable fate—Professional bum.

Dot Smith—Generally called "Speed." Comes from the bush-wackers long out of Val D'or, Que. Her favourite complaint is "Oh, this school." Her ambition is to be a secretary. Probable fate—Handing out allowances at Albert.



Bill Whitley—Bill is a member of the Theological Class. He plans on becoming a minister and makes his home in Hamilton, Ont.

Larry Wood—Larry is a product of Kingston, Ont. "Woody's" ambition is to form a dixieland band. This seems appropriate, since we hear that Kingston is a real "jazzy" city.

GRADE XII



Name: Don Sutherland.  
Alias: Suds.  
Ambition: Be educated.  
Probable Fate: Be illiterate.  
Favourite Pastime: Relaxation.  
Bon Mot: "Oh, nothing much."



Name: Malcom Scott.  
Alias: Mal.  
Ambition: Outsmart Miss Addison.  
Probable Fate: Bachelor.  
Favourite Pastime: Bashing fenders.  
Bon Mot: "Can't wear those pants."



Name: Pat Warren.  
 Alias: Wench.  
 Ambition: To become an R.N. with an M.R.S. degree.  
 Probable Fate: Old maid hospital supervisor.  
 Favourite Pastime: Arranging things.  
 Bon Mot: "Margie, take those glasses off!"



Name: Heather Gordon.  
 Alias: Tiger.  
 Ambition: To become a pro. water-skier.  
 Probable Fate: A very wet end.  
 Favourite Pastime: Chasing Panthers.  
 Bon Mot: "Hey, Worm!"



Name: Ray Turnbull.  
 Alias: Fuzzy.  
 Ambition: U.C. of C. minister.  
 Probable Fate: Collection taker.  
 Favourite Pastime: Playing the sax.  
 Bon Mot: "Darn razor's dull."



Name: Erna Stevens.  
 Alias: Tinker.  
 Ambition: To teach kindergarten.  
 Probable Fate: Raising her own kindergarten.  
 Favourite Pastime: Reminiscing about J.S. in Bermuda.  
 Bon Mot: "I want Johnny!"



Name: Barbara Jane Bird.  
 Alias: B.J.  
 Ambition: Become a "Lady of the Lamp."  
 Probable Fate: Model for Rouf's Red Rinses.  
 Favourite Pastime: Writing the Cole's people.  
 Bon Mot: "She'll never know I've got them."



Name: Wayman Sole.  
 Alias: Wes.  
 Ambition: Electronics.  
 Probable Fate: Hot seat.  
 Favourite Pastime: Craft Shop boss.  
 Bon Mot: "How about that?"



Name: Jerry Lake.  
 Alias: Puddles.  
 Ambition: Graduate.  
 Probable Fate: Become House-trained.  
 Favourite Pastime: Hustling the women too numerous, etc.  
 Bon Mot: "To mention . . ."



Name: Frances Sault.  
 Alias: Boom-boom.  
 Ambition: To become the terror of McGill.  
 Probable Fate: M.R.S. degree from McGill.  
 Favourite Pastime: Hiding Margie's glasses.  
 Bon Mot: "We've got the Ormstown Fair."



Name: John Moody.  
 Alias: Stretch.  
 Ambition: Mining engineer.  
 Probable Fate: Live bait salesman.  
 Favourite Pastime: Making her mine.  
 Bon Mot: "Set it up, eh?"



Name: George Southhall.  
 Alias: Dad.  
 Ambition: Very little.  
 Probable Fate: Minister.  
 Favourite Pastime: Married life.  
 Bon Mot: "I disagree, sir."



Name: Margaret Scott.  
 Alias: Margie.  
 Ambition: Visit France to study music.  
 Probable Fate: Teaching "chopsticks" to little Omar.  
 Favourite Pastime: Rising at 6 A.M.  
 Bon Mot: "And then what did he say?"



Name: Beverlee Bennet.  
 Alias: Bev.  
 Ambition: To teach public school.  
 Probable Fate: Washing diapers.  
 Favourite Pastime: Quoting Ralph and Rita.  
 Bon Mot: "What a schmoda!"



Name: Alfred Jay.  
 Alias: Alf.  
 Ambition: Medicine.  
 Probable Fate: Coroner.  
 Favourite Pastime: Drawing pictures.  
 Bon Mot: Never says a word.



Name: Randa Custis.  
 Alias: Randy.  
 Ambition: To return to the States.  
 Probable Fate: First Woman President.  
 Favourite Pastime: Cruising around in a certain Cadillac.  
 Bon Mot: "Where's Margo?"



Name: Jack Wakabayashi.  
 Alias: Sugar.  
 Ambition: U.C. of C. minister.  
 Probable Fate: Judo instructor.  
 Favourite Pastime: Driving the Rambler.  
 Bon Mot: "What's to-day's take?"



Name: Lansing Affleck.  
 Alias: Satch.  
 Ambition: Another Casanova.  
 Probable Fate: T.V. comedian.  
 Favourite Pastime: Thinking out loud.  
 Bon Mot: "Is it so?"



Name: Fran Mowat.  
 Alias: "Mult."  
 Ambition: M.D.  
 Probable Fate: Photographing lions in Africa.  
 Favourite Pastime: Going steady.  
 Bon Mot: "Won't somebody please donate some pictures."



Name: Bob Rupert.  
 Alias: Rupe.  
 Ambition: \$5000 hot rod.  
 Probable Fate: Live in Peru.  
 Favourite Pastime: Cursing South America.  
 Bon Mot: "It is so."



Name: Dave Cronkite.  
 Alias: Kraute.  
 Ambition: Work for Satch's father.  
 Probable Fate: Fisherman in N.B.  
 Favourite Pastime: Visiting Montreal.  
 Bon Mot: "Bend over."



Name: Barb Warren.  
 Alias: Tiger.  
 Ambition: To get married.  
 Probable Fate: Finally hooking one eligible A.C. bachelor.  
 Favourite Pastime: Scratching.  
 Bon Mot: "What are we supposed to be doing?"



Name: Stuart Kaye.  
 Alias: Stu.  
 Ambition: Chemist or successful businessman.  
 Probable Fate: Death in Lab. explosion.  
 Favourite Pastime: Criticizing A.C.  
 Bon Mot: "Will you please conform?"



Name: Jack Taugher.  
 Alias: Ox.  
 Ambition: Work for Lansing's father.  
 Probable Fate: Prematurely grey.  
 Favourite Pastime: Reading sports page.  
 Bon Mot: Unprintable!!



Name: Larry Goddard.  
 Alias: Censored.  
 Ambition: Hatcheryman.  
 Probable Fate: Turn chicken.  
 Favourite Pastime: Watching T.V.  
 Bon Mot: "Siddown in front."



Name: Peggy Lisk.  
 Alias: Peg.  
 Ambition: Nursing where there's no man shortage.  
 Probable Fate: Marry a rich old patient.  
 Favourite Pastime: Pounding the Manor piano.  
 Bon Mot: "Hey kids, wait for me!"



Name: Ron Postian.  
 Alias: Omar.  
 Ambition: Chain of rug stores.  
 Probable Fate: Tentmaker.  
 Favourite Pastime: "My little Margie."  
 Bon Mot: "Could you do it this way, sir?"



Name: Garth Haggerty.  
 Alias: Hag.  
 Ambition: Math. professor.  
 Probable Fate: Mayor of Belleville.  
 Favourite Pastime: Shooting pool.  
 Bon Mot: "Aint that a shame."



Name: Carolyn Franklin.  
 Alias: Little T.K.  
 Ambition: To get out of Baker House.  
 Probable Fate: Mending socks in Graham Hall.  
 Favourite Pastime: Debating(?)  
 Bon Mot: "Let's face it!"



Name: Fred Bothwell.  
 Alias: Furddy.  
 Ambition: Barber.  
 Probable Fate: A crush-cut.  
 Favourite Pastime: Hating Dave Brubeck.  
 Bon Mot: "Turn that ? stuff off"



Name: Bob Franklin.  
 Alias: B.K.  
 Ambition: Registrar at A.C.  
 Probable Fate: Woodwork teacher.  
 Favourite Pastime: Counting loot.  
 Bon Mot: "Hand it over."



Name: Alexander Hislop.  
 Nickname: Al.  
 Ambition: Night-club proprietor.  
 Probable Fate: Bartender.  
 Favourite Pastime: Cutting hair.  
 Bon Mot: "Here's what I'd do



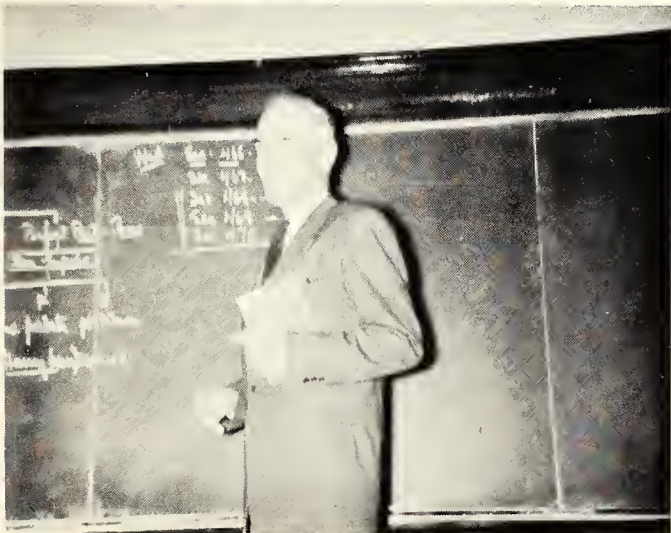
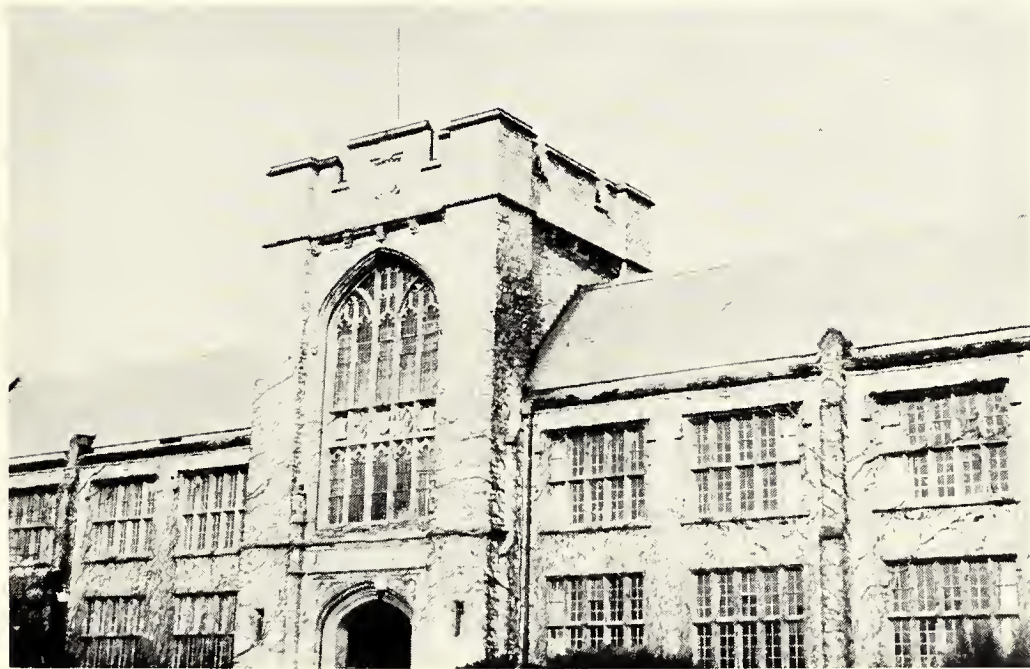
Name: Pat Smith.  
 Alias: Cookie.  
 Ambition: To further her Biblical knowledge.  
 Probable Fate: A preacher's wife.  
 Favourite Pastime: Giving jiving lessons.  
 Bon Mot: "Keep your temper, nobody wants it."



Name: Amy Ing.  
 Alias: Censored.  
 Ambition: To outsmart a certain math. teacher.  
 Probable Fate: Teaching Algebra at A.C.  
 Favourite Pastime: Keeping tabs on Kathy.  
 Bon Mot: Censored.



Name: Germaine Tucker.  
 Alias: Germ.  
 Ambition: Secretary.  
 Probable Fate: Sitting on the boss's knee.  
 Favourite Pastime: Sleeping.  
 Bon Mot: "Early to bed and late to rise."



# student autographs



# BURSARIES and SCHOLARSHIPS

## SCHOLARSHIPS, PRIZES, MEDALS AND TROPHIES (Scholarships Tenable in Session 1955-56)

### INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL (Grades VII through X)

#### MRS. MACINALLY PRIZES—

(a) Highest average in Religious Knowledge—Grades VII and VIII—  
Joan MacKenzie.

(b) Highest average in Social Studies—Grades VII and VIII—Dawn Hallett.

THE ATTON AWARD—Greatest improvement in English, Grades VII and VIII—  
Dave Kerr.

ALBERT COLLEGE MEDAL—Highest standing, Grades VII and VIII—Dawn Hallett,  
Joan MacKenzie.

CHAPLIN SCHOLARSHIP—Highest general proficiency in Grades VII and VIII—  
(Resident Students - \$50.00)—Judith Ross.

#### JOHN MACKENZIE PRIZES—

(a) Highest general proficiency in Grade IV English, including attitude and in-  
dustry—Marilyn Bateman.

(b) To the student using his artistic talent to the greatest degree in Art (Grades  
VII, VIII and IX)—Ann Craib, Larry Pratt.

GILLIS-SHARPE PRIZE—Highest year's average in Mathematics and Science—Grade  
IX—Marilyn Bateman.

IRWIN PRIZE—Greatest consistency in work and attitude Grade IX French—  
Marilyn Bateman.

ALBERT COLLEGE MEDAL—Highest standing in Grade IX—Marilyn Bateman.

JEFFREY SCHOLARSHIP—Highest general proficiency in Grade IX (Resident stu-  
dents \$50.00)—Elizabeth Brown.

DR. AND MRS. E. N. BAKER PRIZE IN RELIGIOUS AND CULTURAL  
KNOWLEDGE—Practical and academic proficiency, Grades IX and X—  
Marilyn Bateman, Don MacKenzie.

KELLETT PRIZE—High proficiency and excellent class attitude in Social Studies—  
Grades IX and X—Elizabeth Brown, Margarita Coling.

#### SHARPE PRIZES—

(a) Greatest improvement and application in Grade X Algebra—  
—Douglas MacKenzie.

(b) Greatest improvement and application in Grade X Geometry—Bryan Jay.

SIMPSON PRIZE—Best final paper in Latin—Grade X—Donald MacKenzie.

IRWIN PRIZE—Greatest improvement in Grade X French—Cynthia Blencowe.

#### DORLAND HOUSTON AWARDS—

(a) Greatest improvement in English Grade IX—(Ten dollars cash)—  
Margarita Coling.

(b) Greatest improvement in English Grade X—(Ten dollars cash)—  
Carmen Cooper.

MABEL HOWARD TROPHY—Highest academic standing (lady students Grades IX  
and X)—Marilyn Bateman.

ALBERT COLLEGE MEDAL—Highest standing in Grade X—Donald MacKenzie.

HAMAR SCHOLARSHIP—Highest general proficiency in Grade X (Residential Stu-  
dents \$50.00)—Stephen Safe.

SENIOR SCHOOL  
(Grades XI through XIII)

- JOHN MACKENZIE PRIZE—Highest general proficiency in Grade XI English, including attitude and industry—Carolyn Franklin.
- MACKAY PRIZE—Best final paper in Grade XI Algebra—Carolyn Franklin.
- HOARE PRIZE—To the student showing the greatest degree of industry in Grade XI Spanish—Alison Whyte.
- ALBERT COLLEGE MEDAL—Highest standing in Grade XI—Carolyn Franklin.
- W. G. MORROW SCHOLARSHIP—Highest general proficiency in Grade XI— (Residential Students - \$50.00)—Frances Sault.
- IRWIN PRIZE—Highest academic standing, English, Grade XII—Deanna Hudgin, Donald Osborne.
- MACKAY PRIZE—Best year's average in Grade XII—Geometry—Albert Weggeman.
- KELLETT PRIZES—
- (a) For high proficiency and excellent class attitude in Grades XI and XII Geography—Alan Johnson.
  - (b) For high proficiency and excellent class attitude in Grade XII History—Darragh Vamplew.
- FLORENCE MACKENZIE AWARD—Highest academic standing (lady students Grade XIII)—Deanna Hudgin.
- ALBERT COLLEGE MEDAL—Highest standing in Grade XII—Albert Weggeman.
- WILBUR GORDON SCHOLARSHIP—Highest general proficiency (resident girls Grade XII - \$50.00)—Caroleen Crawford.
- SHAW SCHOLARSHIP—Highest general proficiency (resident boys, Grade XII - \$50.00)—Albert Weggeman.
- McMULLEN PRIZE—Best year's average in Upper School Mathematics—James Laughlin.
- DORLAND HOUSTON AWARDS—
- (a) Greatest improvement in English, Grade XI (ten dollars cash)—Larry Goddard.
  - (b) Greatest improvement in English, Grade XII (ten dollars cash)—Darragh Vamplew.
  - (c) Greatest improvement in English, Grade XIII (ten dollars cash)—Kathryn Sault.
- HOARE PRIZE—Highest year's average in Grade XIII French Authors and Composition—James Laughlin.
- ALBERT COLLEGE MEDAL—For highest standing in Grade XIII—James Kent Laughlin.
- ALBERT COLLEGE WOMEN'S GUILD MEDAL—Open to resident girls, highest standing in Scholarship and School Life—Kathryn Sault.
- GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S SILVER MEDAL — Highest year's average on any six papers of Grade XIII (no average being less than 66%)—(awarded at Fall Convocation)—Jim Laughlin.
- LUNNESS-JOHNSON SCHOLARSHIP—To be awarded to the student holding highest standing in at least four departmental papers of Grade XIII, and who elects to take an extra year's study at Albert College to be devoted to the completion of Grade XIII (\$50.00 awarded at Fall Convocation)—Kathryn Sault.

COMMERCE AWARDS AND PRIZES

- McDOUGALL PRIZES—
- (a) Best average in shorthand—Carol Smith.
  - (b) Highest general proficiency in Typing—Philippa Moulder.
- CERTIFICATES IN ACCOUNTING—
- (a) Advanced Primary Division—Gary Franklin, Carol Smith and David Tomkins.
  - (b) First Class Pass—Ronald Webster and Ellen Henderson.
  - (c) Primary Division—First Class Pass—Germaine Tucker, Donald Osborne, Philippa Moulder, John Tripp, Daniel Chan, Ronald Postian.

IRVINE AWARDS—

- (a) Best final paper in accounting—Gary Alan Franklin.
- (b) Highest year's average in Business English—Carol Smith.

FRANKLIN PRIZE—Best Thesis—Ronald Denys Webster.

THE ATTON AWARD—Greatest improvement in Business English (ten dollars cash)—Germaine C. Tucker.

COMMERCE DIRECTOR'S AWARDS—

- (a) Greatest improvement in bookkeeping—Ronald Webster.
- (b) Highest proficiency in Economics—Ellen Henderson.
- (c) Best general improvement in Public Speaking—Geo. Bothwell.
- (d) Greatest improvement in Office Practice—Germaine Tucker.
- (e) Highest general average in Business Law—Kathryn Goodspeed.

ALBERT COLLEGE MEDAL—Highest Academic standing in the Diploma Course—Carol Bremner Smith.

MUSIC

BESSIE HANDLEY PRIZE—For honours in Grade V and VI Piano taken in one year—Joan MacKenzie.

EGERTON BOYCE PRIZE—Greatest progress in singing—(Boys)—James Laughlin.

MARGARET BAILEY AWARD—To the girl making the greatest progress in Vocal Training during the year (\$25.00 cash)—Evangeline Reilly.

EXPRESSION

GILLIS PRIZE—For improvement, ability and promise in debating—Tom Hinchey.

HENRY KAYE TROPHY—For inter class debating—Won by Grade X debaters—Thomas Hinchey, Margarita Coling and Elizabeth Brown.

ATHLETICS



" ..... But I like it!!"



??

## FIVE PIN BOWLING—

Dr. Howard Trophy (Boys)—William Perry.  
Ruth Howard Trophy (Girls)—Phyllis White.

## CROSS COUNTRY RUN—

T. E. Woolley Memorial Trophy—Robert Rupert.  
Medal—(Intermediate Boys)—Robert McCuaig.  
Medal—(Junior Boys)—Peter Holland.

## SWIMMING—

Howard Trophy (Senior Boys)—William Boucher.  
Medal—(Intermediate Boys)—Edward Gow.  
Medal—(Junior Boys)—Peter Holland.  
Old School Trophy (Senior Girls)—Carol Smith.  
Medal—(Junior Girls)—Margo Butterfield.

## BADMINTON—

Statuette—(Senior Boys)—Ronald Gitelman.  
Statuette—(Senior Girls)—Eleanor Moody.

## TABLE TENNIS—Haig Trophy—(Senior Boys)—Arthur McIntosh.

Medal—(Intermediate Boys)—William Wong.  
Medal—(Junior Boys)—Stephen Safe.  
Haig Trophy—(Senior Girls)—Claire Whetham.  
Medal—(Junior Girls)—Lynn Webb.

## TENNIS—Tip Top Trophy—(Senior Boys)—Bob Douglas.

Medal—(Intermediate Boys)—James Earle.  
Medal—(Junior Boys)—Jack Meades.  
Tip Top Trophy—(Senior Girls)—Claire Whetham.  
Medal—(Junior Girls)—Carolyn Franklin.

## TRACK AND FIELD—

Class of '31 Trophy (Senior Boys)—Robert Lemon.  
H. B. Simpson Trophy (Intermediate Boys)—James Hamilton.  
Don Slater Trophy—(Junior Boys)—Lawrence Pratt.  
Statuette—(Senior Girls)—Curtalene Gilbert.  
Medal—(Junior Girls)—Judith Buchanan.

## ARCHERY—J. H. MacKay Trophy (Senior Boys)—Ronald Postian.

J. H. MacKay Trophy (Senior Girls)—Joan Wilson.

## CLASS OF '49 TROPHY—Most Outstanding Athlete of the Year—Curtalene Gilbert.

COLLEGE COLOURS (THE "A")—For conspicuous contribution to Athletics in line with the expressed purpose of the college. Charles Percival Beaton; Caroleen Margaret Crawford; Marjorie Curtalene; Jean Gilbert; Robert Stanley Lemon; Robert John Rupert; Eric Anthony Watson; Claire Jane Whetham.

## GENERAL

PRINCIPAL'S MEDAL—For outstanding leadership as Student Religious Director—  
Jack McMurray, George Chase.

ROTARY PLAQUE—Presented to the student from outside Canada who has made the greatest contribution to International Goodwill, and who has shown Academic Proficiency and exemplified the finest qualities of citizenship—Gert von Griesheim.

THE JEAN BAKER SCHOLARSHIP (\$25.00 cash)—Open to lady students of Grades XII and XIII preparing for Missionary, Religious or Social Work, Practical and Academic Proficiency—Lorraine Stewart.

THE MARJORIE PRYOR MEMORIAL AWARD (\$15.00 cash)—Awarded to the student, boy or girl, who has evidenced a keen determination to obtain an education attaining a satisfactory standing therein; and who in the opinion of the Senate, has shown outstanding qualities of Christian Character and Leadership, and set a fine example in happy every day living—Robert McMurdy.

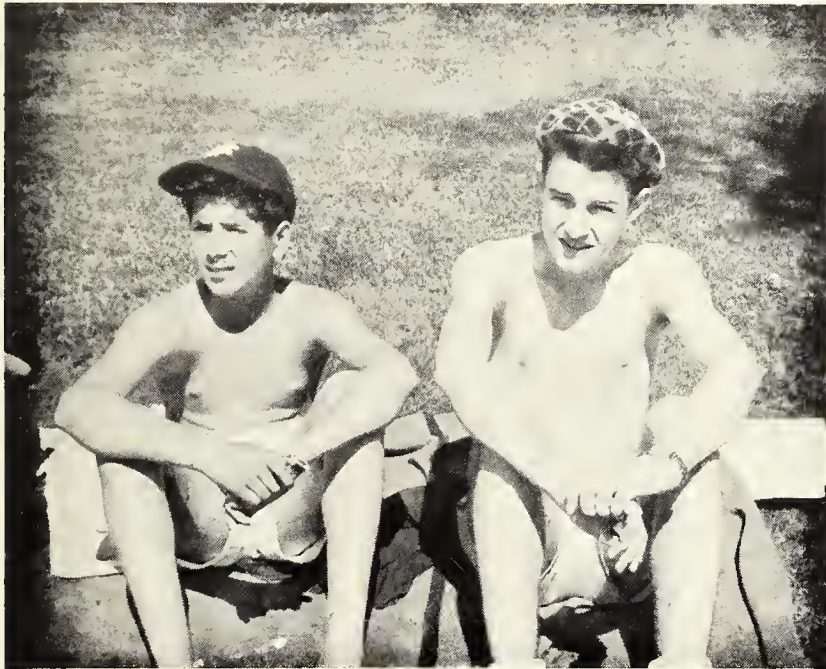
THE W. E. SMITH SCHOLARSHIP (\$50.00)—Awarded to the candidate for the Ministry of the United Church of Canada enrolled in Albert College who by promising academic standing in Junior Matriculation and other qualities of Leadership gives promise of a successful career in the Church—Jack Wakabayashi, Robert McMurdy.

JESSIE B. TUIITE TROPHY—Finest contribution to residential life in the Manor—  
Joan Wilson.

HOWARD PURCHASE MEMORIAL AWARD—For finest contribution to residential life—Robert McCuaig.

THE HOWARD AWARD—Presented to the finest representative lady student—  
Betty Anne Butterfield.

THE MARSH AWARD—Presented to the best representative male student—  
Charles Percival Beaton.



# STUDENT LIST

- ✓ AFFLECK, Lansing — Lanark, Ontario
- ✓ ALLEN, Jerry — Kingston, Ontario
- ✓ ANCEL, Paul — Talara, Peru
- ✓ ANDERSON, Cedric — Geraldton, Ontario
- ✓ BARTLETT, Robert — 90 Elizabeth St., S. Brampton, Ontario
- ✓ BATEMAN, Marilyn — 155 Bleeker Ave., Belleville, Ontario
- ✓ BAXTER, William — Apt. 214, 184 River St., Toronto, Ontario
- ✓ BEGGS, Elizabeth — Virginiatown, Ontario
- ✓ BELL, Sheila — Malartic, Quebec
- ✓ BENNETT, Beverlee — 533 Highland Ave., Ottawa, Ontario
- ✓ BIGGINGS, Dian — 518 Murdoch Ave., Noranda, Quebec
- ✓ BIRD, Barbara J. — 17 Victoria Ave., Belleville, Ontario
- ✓ BORLASE, Raymond — Albert College, Belleville, Ontario
- ✓ BOTHWELL, Fred — 86 Shakespeare St., Stratford, Ontario
- ✓ BOULTBEE, Gavin — Marathon, Ontario
- ✓ BOURNE, Yvonne — 6th Avenue, Belleville, Barbados, B.W.I.
- ✓ BOYLAN, Douglas — 499 Charlesworth Dr., Sarnia, Ontario
- ✓ BROWN, Donald — Zephyr, Ontario
- ✓ BROWN, Elizabeth — Standard Vacuum Oil Co., Union Bldg., Singapore, I.
- ✓ BROWN, David — Albert College, Belleville, Ontario
- ✓ BUDGELL, Ewart — 18 Summer St., Newport, Vermont, U.S.A.
- ✓ BURRI, Tom — Chippawa, Ontario
- ✓ BUTTERFIELD, Betty A. — Talara, Peru
- ✓ BUTTERFIELD, Margo — Talara, Peru
- ✓ CALDER, Douglas — 3 Pine Hill Road, St. Catherines, Ontario
- ✓ CAMERON, Lloyd — Malartic, Quebec
- ✓ CAMPBELL, Barry — 387 Reid Street, Peterborough, Ontario
- ✓ CAMPBELL, Norah — 616 Earl St., Kingston, Ontario
- ✓ CANN, Albert — Border Line Road, Pembroke E., Bermuda
- ✓ COLING, Margarita — International Petroleum Co., Talara, Peru



✓ CUMMINS, Guy — Manitowaning Lodge, Manitoulin Island, Ontario

✓ COOPER, Carmen — 18 Cooper Ave., Sudbury, Ontario

✓ CROLL, James — R.R. No. 5, London, Ontario

✓ CRAWFORD, Carol — 85 Bloor St., W., Toronto, Ontario

✓ CRESSWELL, Graydon — Paisley, Ontario

✓ CREWS, Douglas — R.R. No. 1, Trenton, Ontario

✓ CROSS, James — R.R. No. 5, London, Ontario

✓ CRONKITE, David — 303 Albert Street, New Brunswick

✓ CUNNINGHAM, George — 211 London Road, Sarnia, Ontario

✓ CUSTIS, Randa — 24 Dunbar St., Belleville, Ontario

✓ DAVIDSON, Charles — 51 Front St., N., Campbellford, Ontario

✓ DAVISON, Frank — Ridgeville, Ontario

✓ DAWSON, WALTER — 156 Villaire Ave., Riverside, Ontario

✓ DAWSON, Ward — Box 17, Deseronto, Ontario

✓ DEVER, John — 13 Breadner Blvd., Trenton, Ontario

✓ DUDLEY, Noel — Courtice, Ontario

✓ EARLE, Jim — 17 Drake St., Marathon, Ontario

✓ EASTERBROOK, Betty J. — Erinsville, Ontario

✓ EDWARDS, Joseph — 71 Bethune St., Brockville, Ontario

✓ FIELD, Denise — 1462 Cavendish Rd., Ottawa, Ontario

✓ FITCH, Gordon — 1039 Ferguson St., North Bay, Ontario

✓ FRANKLIN, Carolyn — Albert College, Belleville, Ontario

✓ FRANKLIN, Robert — Albert College, Belleville, Ontario

✓ FRANKLIN, Gary — Falconbridge, Ontario

✓ FULLER, Gary — 82 Clevemont Ave., Richmond, Quebec

✓ GEROW, Bruce — Rosspport, Ontario

✓ GILBERT, Curtalene — Sound View Rd., Somerset, Bermuda

✓ GILDER, Kent — Cardinal, Ontario

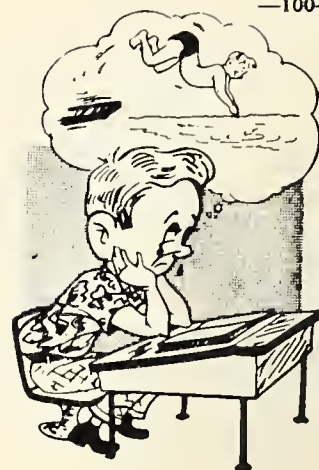
✓ GODDARD, Barbara A. — Karen Lodge, Graeme Hall Terrace, Christ Church, Barbados, B.W.I.

✓ GODDARD, Lucille — Marine Manor, Marine Gardens, Christ Church, Barbados, B.W.I.

✓ GODDARD, Larry — 171 Queen St., Chatham, Ontario



- ✓GODSOE, Audrey — 26 Victoria Ave., Belleville, Ontario
- ✓GORDON, Heather — 566 Gilmour St., Peterborough, Ontario
- ✓GOW, Edward — 27 Carruthers Ave., Kingston, Ontario
- ✓GRAY, Terrence — Deseronto, Ontario
- ✓GREEN, Eric — 816 Johnston St., Kingston, Ontario
- ✓GREENLY, Darrel — 203 Caddy St., Peterborough, Ontario
- ✓von GRIESHEIM, Gert — Carrera 62, No. 74-97, Barranquilla, Colombia, So. America
- ✓HAGGERTY, Garth — 147 Victoria St., Belleville, Ontario
- ✓HART, Barry — 12 Mercia St., Trenton, Ontario
- ✓HEMING, David — 21 Main St. E., Hamilton, Ontario
- ✓HINCHEY, Tom — Shannonville, Ontario
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- ✓HITCHEN, John H. — International Petroleum Co., Talara, Peru
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- ✓JAY, Bryan — 9 LaSalle Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong
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- ✓KRIKWOOD, Delois — Box 197, Englehart, Ontario
- ✓KUNZLI, Daniel — 1009 Grande-Cote, Rosemere, Quebec
- ✓KWONG, Ark — Albert College, Belleville, Ontario
- ✓LAKE, Gerald — Apt. 5, 15 Young St., N., Sudbury, Ontario
- ✓LANE, Leonard — 121 Eastbourne Ave., Hamilton, Ontario
- ✓LARSON, Judith — Box 125, Hearst, Ontario
- ✓LEAVOY, Ronald — Box 2065, Malartic, Quebec





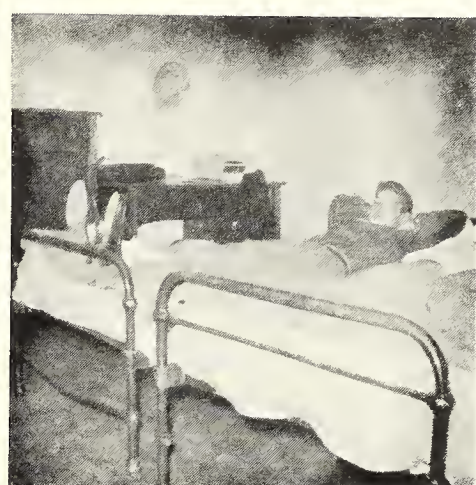
- ✓ LEMAN, Paul — 342 Prince Edward Dr., Toronto, Canada
- ✓ LISK, Peggy — Eganville, Ontario
- ✓ LISK, Edward — Eganville, Ontario
- ✓ LOVERING, Murray — R.R. No. 1, Coldwater, Ontario
- ✓ MARSH, John H. — 46 Newton Ave., Hamilton, Ontario
- ✓ MAY, Donna — R.R. No. 5, Belleville, Ontario
- ✓ MEISNER, Peggy — New Liskeard, Ontario
- ✓ MITCHELL, Jean — Grandby, Quebec
- ✓ MONSON, Olaf — General Delivery, St. Catherines, Ontario
- ✓ MOODY, John — 179 Frontenac Ave., Noranda, Quebec
- ✓ MORSE, John L. C. — R.R. No. 7, Kingston, Ontario
- ✓ MOWAT, Frances — Copper Cliff, Ontario
- ✓ MYLKS, Gordon — 77 Kensington Ave., Kingston, Ontario
- ✓ MacIVER, Donald — 85 Henry St., Box 151, Garson, Ontario
- ✓ MacKENZIE, Donald — Albert College, Belleville, Ontario
- ✓ MacKENZIE, Joan — Albert College, Belleville, Ontario
- ✓ McCUAIG, Beverly — Heron Bay, Ontario
- ✓ McCUAIG, Bruce — Heron Bay, Ontario
- ✓ McCUAIG, Bob — Heron Bay, Ontario
- ✓ McEACHERN, John — Frankford, Ontario
- ✓ McKENZIE, Douglas — Chippawa, Ontario
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- ✓ NAYLOR, Brian — R.R. No. 1, Columbus, Ontario
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- ✓ PATTERSON, Dorothy — 724 Algonquin Ave., North Bay, Ontario
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- ✓ PERRY, Bill — 1091 Crestview St., Oakville, Ontario
- ✓ POSTIAN, Ronald — 355 Riverside Dr., London, Ontario
- ✓ POULOS, Gus — Albert College, Belleville, Ontario
- ✓ PRATT, Larry—Box 268, Cardinal, Ontario
- ✓ PURSER, Rnald — R.R. No. 3, Brockville, Ontario
- ✓ RAE, Judson — 218 George St., Belleville, Ontario



- REID Darle — Picton, Ontario
- ROWE, John — R.R. No. 2, Blenheim, Ontario
- ROWE, Carolyn — R.R. No. 2, Blenheim, Ontario
- RUPERT, Bob — R.R. No. 1, Westboro, Ottawa, Ontario
- SAFE, Stephen — 49 Campbell St., Belleville, Ontario
- SAULT, Frances — Box 68, Ormstown, Quebec
- SAULT, Kathryn — Box 68, Ormstown, Quebec
- SAYCHUK, Michael — Children's Aid, 33 Charles St., E., Toronto, Ontario
- SCOTT, Margie — 561 Brierwood Ave., Ottawa 3, Ontario
- SCOTT, Malcolm — 305 Dundas St., Belleville, Ontario
- SIMARD, Louise — 1940 Laurier Blvd., Quebec City, Quebec
- SMITH, David — 1231 Tecumseh Park Dr., R.R. No. 2, Port Credit, Ontario
- SMITH, BARBARA — Campbellford, Ontario
- SMITH, Dorothy — Box 1357, Val d'Or, Quebec
- SMITH, Patricia — Box 1357, Val d'Or, Quebec
- SOLE, Wayman — 188 N. Christina St., Sarnia, Ontario
- SOUTHALL, George
- STEVENS, Margaret — P.O. Box 386, Blind River, Ontario
- STINSON, Glenn — Tamworth, Ontario
- SUTHERLAND, Donald — Avonmore, Ontario
- TAUGHER, Jack — 14 Durham St., Kingston, Ontario
- TEREFENKO, Stella — Box 21, Hearst, Ontario
- THACKERAY, Judy — 51 Young St. W., Waterloo, Ontario
- THOMPSON, David — 57 N. Ranney St., Campbellford, Ontario
- THOMPSON, Roger — Box 280, Huntington, Québec
- THORN, Jim — 164 MacDonald Ave., Belleville, Ontario
- TUCKER, Germaine — Spanish Point, Pembroke, Bermuda
- TURNBULL, Ray — 615 George St., Peterborough, Ontario
- WAKABAYASHI, Jack — 92 Gibson St., Hamilton, Ontario
- WALKS, Bob — Caixa 571, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S.A.
- WARREN, Barbara — 3 Ancaster St., Dundas, Ontario
- WARREN, Patricia — 70 Glenridge Ave., St. Catherines, Ontario

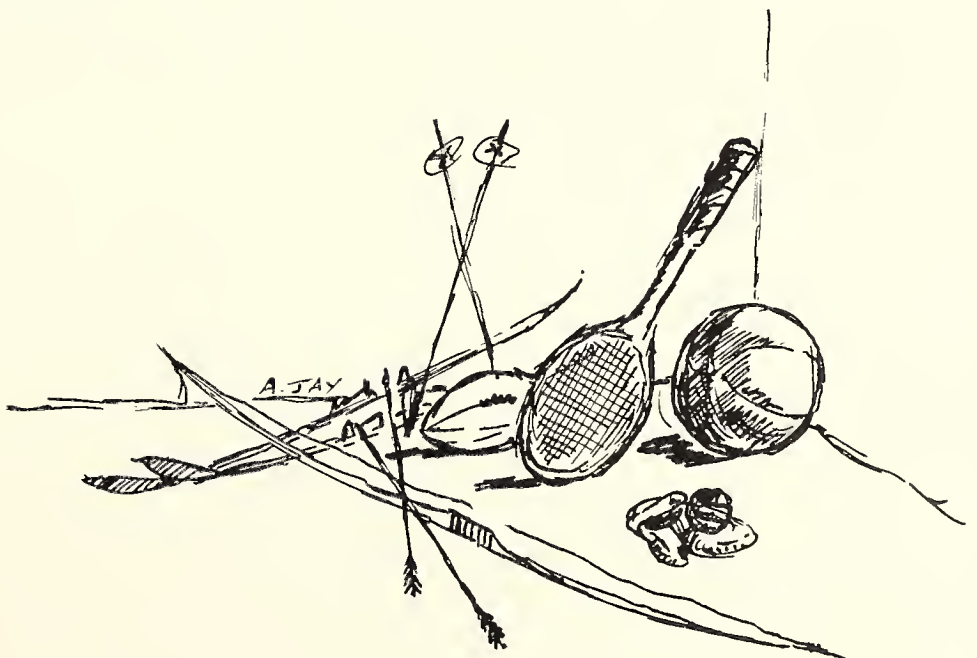
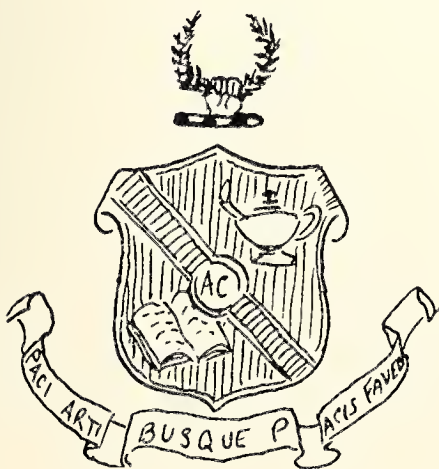
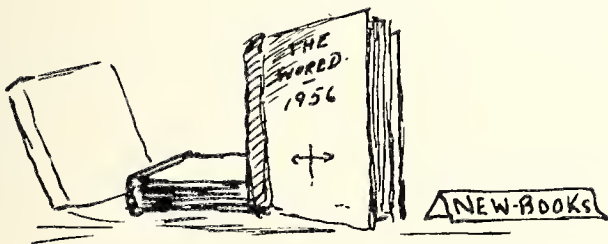


- WATSON, Patricia — Welshes, St. Michael, Barbados, B.W.I.
- WEST, Terry — Hearst, Ontario
- WHITLEY, Bob — 182 Tolton Ave., Hamilton, Ontario
- WHYTE, Alison — Apt. 201, 6101 Cote St. Luc Rd., Hampstead, Quebec
- WILSON, Gayle — R.R. No. 1, Britannia Bay, Ottawa, Ontario
- WRIGHT, Alfred — St. George's Bermuda
- WYLIE, Donald — Bolton, Ontario
- WOOD, Larry — 1021 Union St., W., Kingston, Ontario
- YANOVER, Beverly — 196 Bridge St., E., Belleville, Ontario
- REILLY, Evangeline — R.R. No. 1, Shannonville, Ontario
- ROBERTSON, Douglas — 89 Walter St., Kitchener, Ontario
- ROBINSON, Brock — Ballinafad, Ontario
- ROGERS, John — 169 Hunter St., E., Peterborough, Ontario





# Advertising



# POSTIAN'S *for* Perfection

## IN ORIENTAL RUGS and BROADLOOM CARPETING

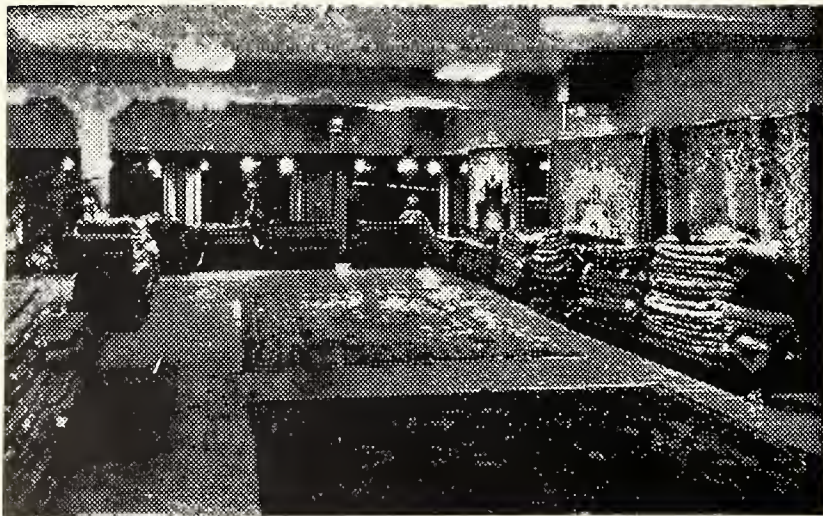


Located at the corner of Dundas and Colborne Streets, Postian's modern showroom has already become a landmark in London — We invite you to visit with us, if you have not already done so.

### CANADA'S LARGEST CARPET SHOWROOM

Postian's expansive broadloom department presents over 60 rolls of all-wool broadloom — domestic and imported — in every pattern and colour for modern homes — priced for every budget!

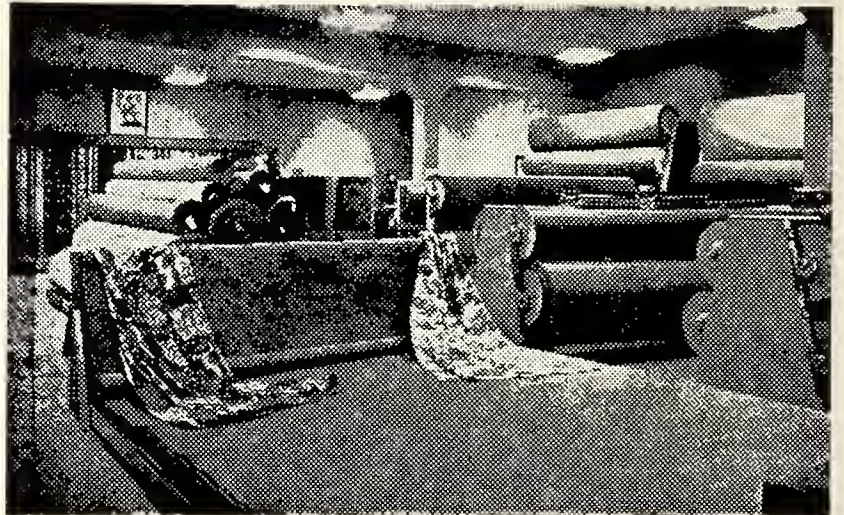
From the looms of the Orient to Postian's Oriental Rug Dept., comes the finest woven rugs — in a host of colours, patterns and sizes.



## Quality and Beauty

COMBINED WITH CANADA'S  
LOWEST PRICES . . .

When it comes to rugs — come to Postian's — Quality for Quality our prices are lower . . . to enrich the appearance of your home. The beauty and perfection of POSTIAN'S CARPETING has become a standard of value in Western Ontario homes — We look forward to being of service to you.



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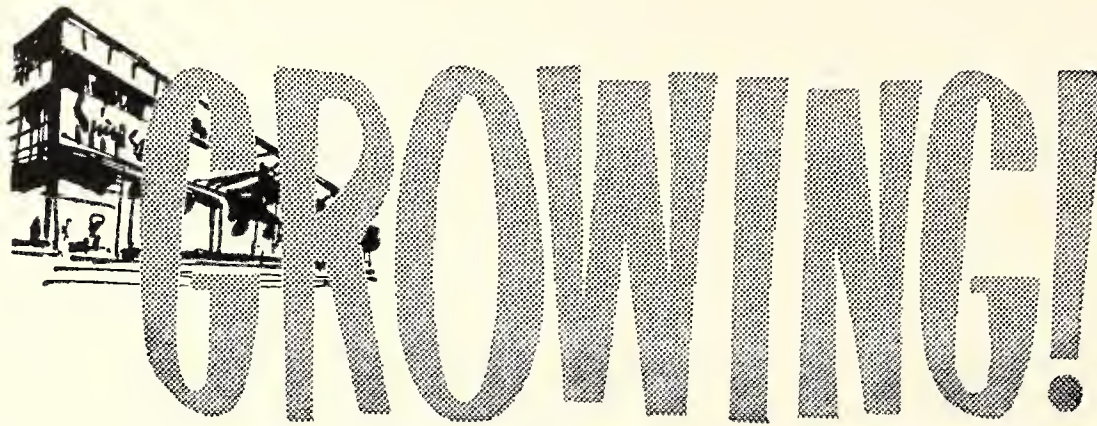
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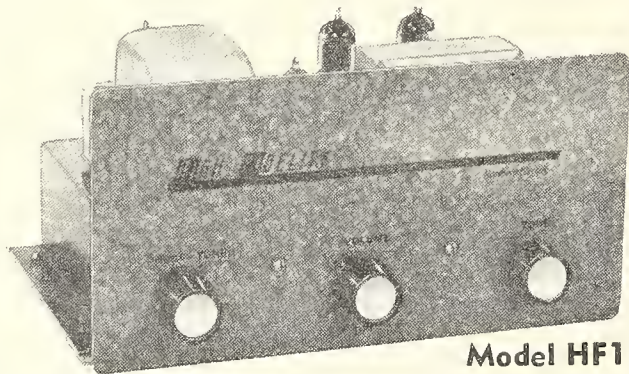
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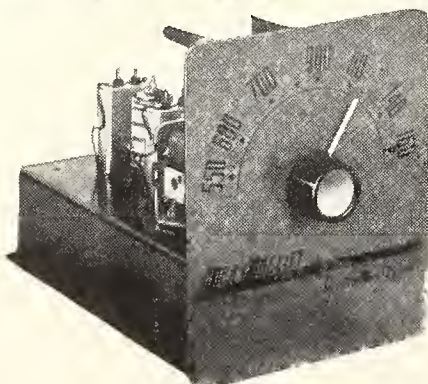
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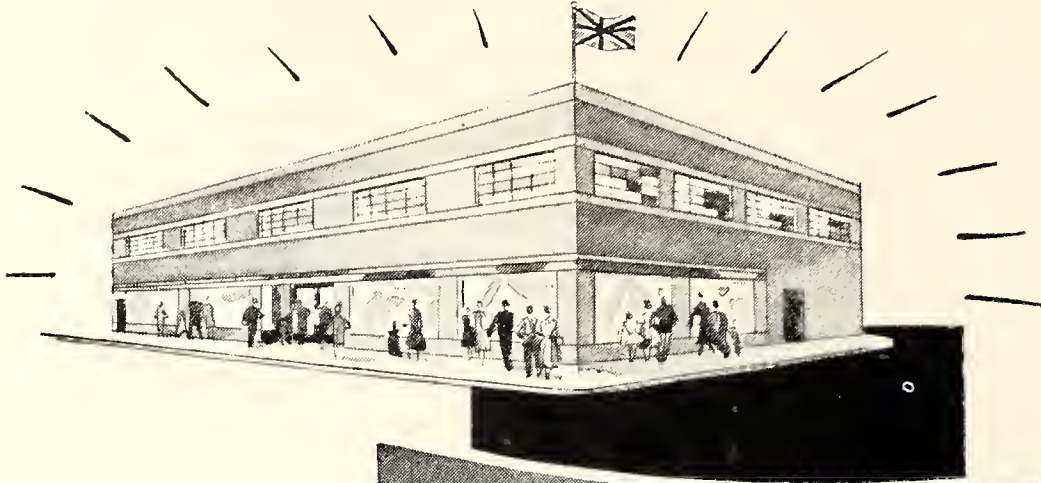
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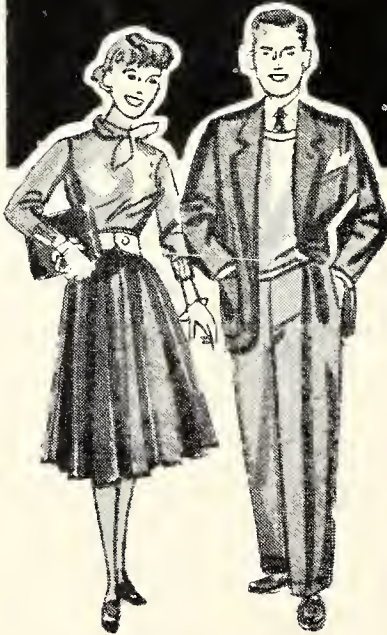
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